

**ROCK,
TEARGAS
AND
FESTIVALS**

ROLLING STONE

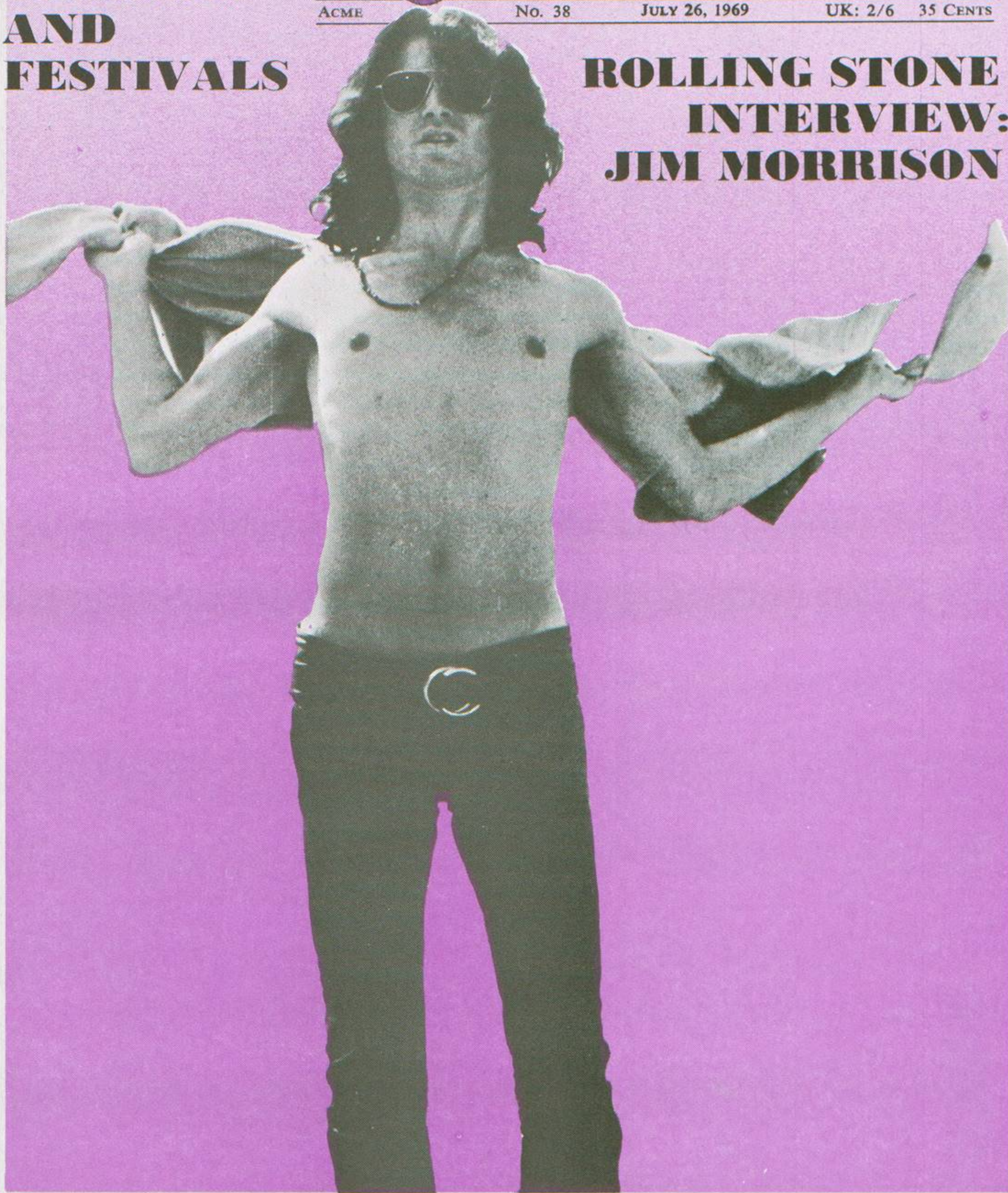
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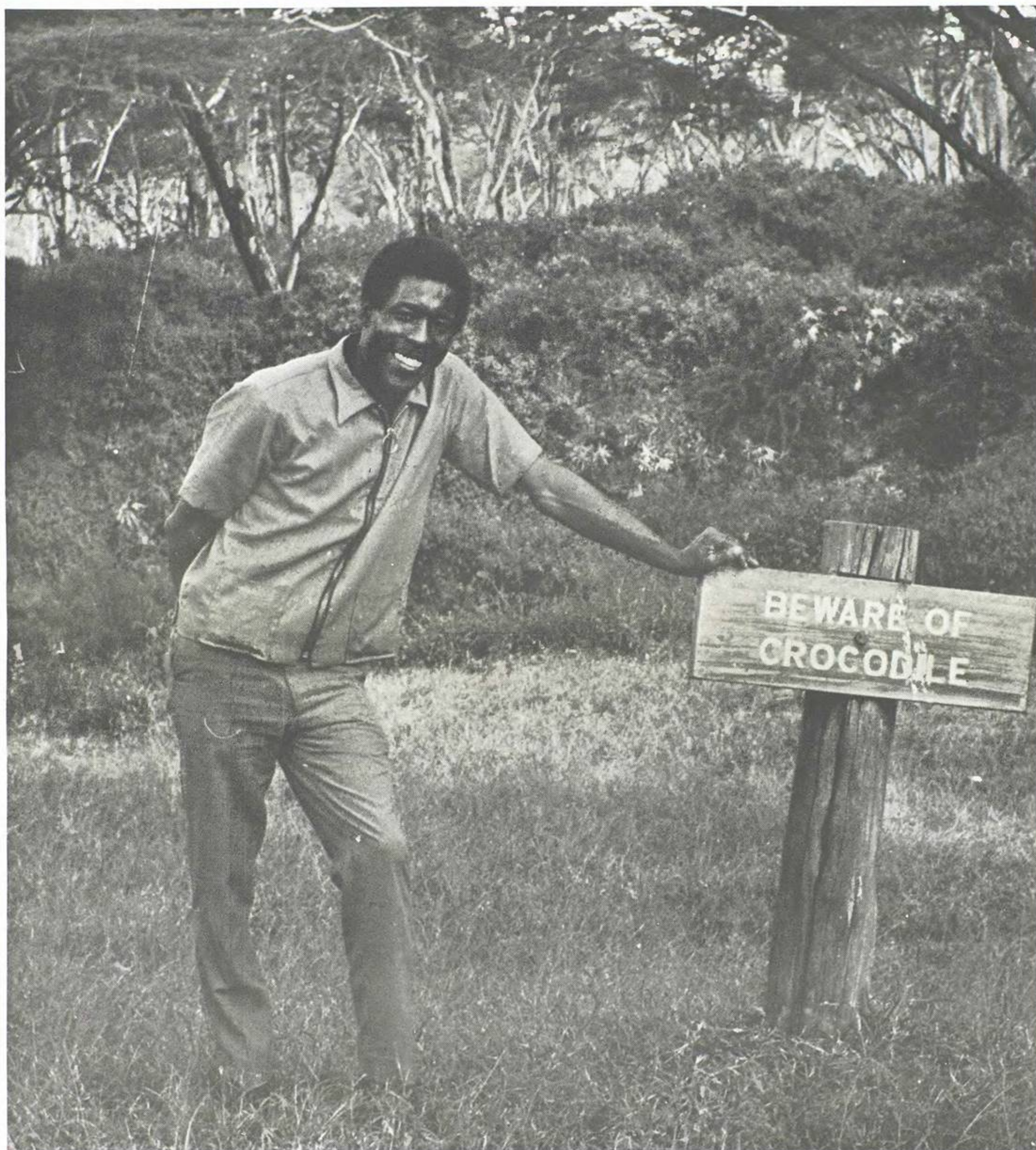
No. 38

JULY 26, 1969

UK: 2/6 35 CENTS

**ROLLING STONE
INTERVIEW:
JIM MORRISON**





Buddy Guy pays his dues in Africa— see Page 26.

CRASHERS, COPS, PRODUCERS SPOIL NEWPORT '69

BY JERRY HOPKINS

NORTHRIDGE, Calif.—Once again violence has severely mauled the face of rock, with several hundred persons injured in rioting outside Newport '69, what probably was, in attendance, the world's largest pop festival.

Because of this violence, and perhaps as much as \$50,000 in damage done to neighborhood homes and businesses, the Los Angeles police commission has launched a full investigation. It could result in new city policies on the granting of concert permits and certainly means there will never be another rock festival held here.

Over 150,000 attended the three-day series of concerts—featuring Jimi Hendrix, Creedence Clearwater Revival,

Johnny Winter and the Rascals among the 33 acts—and for most of those visiting this suburban Los Angeles community, the only bummer was the festival itself. They were not aware of the bloody violence erupting outside the gates. For them there was only the last logjam of humanity that made the festival like attending a high school reunion in a closet.

The producers of Newport '69—no relation to the folk or jazz festivals in Rhode Island—spent \$11,000 on hurricane fencing and it was this fence that hundreds of youngsters stormed, rather than pay the \$7 admission cost. Gate-crashers the first two days caused only minor incidents, but early Sunday afternoon all hell broke loose.

As was true in another southern Cali-

fornia festival, in Palm Springs Easter week, a small minority of youngsters can be blamed for initiating the trouble, and police can be faulted for reacting too brutally.

The kids threw bottles and rocks and the police randomly slashed out with batons, causing blood to stream freely. (Those injured were as young as 14.) Teenagers swarmed across a nearby shopping center, causing nearly \$10,000 in damage to two gas stations, an equal amount of damage to apartment houses, another \$1,500 worth of vandalism at a grocery store. While police demonstrated a sure-fire way of halting a kid—approach him at a dead run, grabbing him by the back of the neck, slamming him head first into a parked car; then club

him when he's down.

(This technique was shown in terrifying clarity in newsfilm on two networks that night.)

As all this was happening, thousands of youngsters continued approaching the festival fairgrounds and this, coupled with a roving band of several hundred members of the Street Racers—a bike club hired by the festival as an internal security force—only complicated matters even farther.

By mid-evening, about 9 PM Sunday, the gates were opened and those remaining in the area were admitted free.

By then, however, an estimated 300 had been injured—15 cops among them—and another 75 had been placed under

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**"...and their portrait
still hangs in the
old blue moon saloon."**

*Jolliver Arkansaw is not so much a place
as a state of mind.*



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JOHN EARL

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CORRESPONDENCE, LOVE LETTERS & ADVICE

SIRS:

Your coverage on Dylan's Nashville TV trip was on it as far as the telling details is concerned. That tantalizing bit near the end about Dylan's ten favorite things, can you publish the list as it appears in that newspaper??

As for the review of *Nashville Skyline*, appreciative and aptly characterized. But what does the reviewer mean by "metaphysical," a term he uses often in the review. If someone told him that showing the "colors of one's mind" was a conventional rap for say, certain ways of making love, would he call it "metaphysical"? Trouble is here, as elsewhere, Dylan's meaning is contorted by attempts to transform event-meaning—i.e., the meaning of the song as a thing sung—into something else, e.g., a lecture on the meaning of twentieth century angst. Dylan's best description of the music he once did, the music of his fifth through seventh albums is "breathing exercises." Dig it your way, though. It can take it.

JOHN H. COMLY
 MADISON, WISCONSIN

"I have a difficulty in talking to most people," Dylan explained during the taping of The Johnny Cash Show, "but I'll put something down on paper and perhaps it will tell something about me; nothing in-depth, no soul-searching, just the way I think I am."

Here's what Dylan wrote:

"I love children."
 "I love animals."
 "I am loyal to my friends."
 "I have a sense of humor."
 "I have a generally happy outlook."
 "I try to be on time for appointments."
 "I have a good relationship with my wife."
 "I take criticism well."
 "I strive to do good work."
 "I try to find some good in everybody."

SIRS:

Issue No. 36 was not "shitkickin'," it was shit. I happen to live in the sticks, my father is a truck driver, and I have

milked cows and shoveled shit and heard the best and worst of country music. It's bad.

The best—Cash, Hartford and Campbell—are more pop than country and in any case all their songs make No. One and they even have their own weekly shows on TV. Down here we didn't even see *Magical Mystery Tour*.

Meanwhile the great rock groups can't break Top 40 and now we can't even get articles in *ROLLING STONE* because you're busy gobbling up the country music fad hype.

GEORGE E. SCHOONOVER
 CENTER MORELAND, PA.

SIRS:

Minutes to go of the comic strip. Nova criminals in Naked Lunch, Soft Machine and Fuzz Against Junk? The purpose of who is this Akbar del Piombo and what they are doing and what I show who they are. My writing is to expose. They will do if not arrested. Fuzz Against Junk? They will do if not arrested. The purpose of Nova criminals in Naked Lunch, Soft Machine and what they are doing and what minutes to go. Who is the Akbar del Piombo my writing is to expose? Author of the comic strip and Nova Express I show who they are.

Minutes to go of the comic strip. Nova criminals in Naked Lunch. Soft Machine and Fuzz Against Machine and what they are doing. What minutes against junk? The purpose of who is this Akbar del Piombo to go. What I show you they are to expose. They will do. If not, I show who they are.

ERIC DOYLE
 MENLO PARK, CALIF.

SIRS:

It's the Beatles we love and would follow to the ends of the earth they could save. John and Yoko aren't the Beatles. Face it: John and Yoko are embarrassing bores.

I've gathered it's your policy not to publish any criticism of the Beatles. OK. But how else are the hundreds (millions?) of us to get our message to John

—if you are serious about wanting to be our leader, Come Back to Where You Once Belonged!

"Our" John (Maureen Cleve, Hunter Davis) was tough-minded, witty, super-sane. He would have spotted a phoney, freaky opportunist like Yoko a mile off.

But the Beatles—we still have hope for what they can do.

GLORIA FAHEY
 CHICAGO, ILL.

SIRS:

Though Bill Graham has a reputation for being a shaft, I think he should be commended for the benefit show he did for the People's Park Bail Fund. He let 5000 people into Winterland, with at least 500 waiting outside for lack of room, and it was the best show I have ever seen there. All the bands were fantastic and the response of the audience was evidence of this.

It was a truly worthwhile evening. Thank you, Bill Graham, Greatful Dead plus Vince, Jefferson Airplane, Santana, Creedence Clearwater, Aum, Elvin Bishop, Flying Circus and all the others that helped.

PARTISAN
 BERKELEY

SIRS:

Contrary to popular belief, neither Al Kooper nor Denny McLain will appear at the Kenner Pop Festival.

GEORGE HURLOTHUMBO
 KENNER, LOUISIANA

Thanks!—Ed.

SIRS:

The live rock music scene in Omaha isn't worth a big fat. We have practically no concerts at all. Last winter KOWH-FM, "Radio Free Omaha," brought in groups like the Dead, Pacific Gas and Electric, and Buddy Miles, but for some reason these dances have come to a halt.

If you keep your eyes open, you might catch someone like Stemsie Hunter jamming in a downtown jazz club, or Little Milton playing down on the near North-

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Random Notes

Phil Spector is making his acting debut in the latest Peter Fonda epic, *Easy Rider*. In the film, which got a standing ovation at the Cannes Film Festival, Spector plays a dope dealer. Always making hits. . . .

It's been about five years now since Lenny Bruce reassured us, "Pot will be legal in ten years," explaining, "In this audience probably every other one of you knows a law student who smokes pot, who will become a senator, who will legalize it to protect himself."

Which leads to this item from the San Francisco Chronicle: "A blue-ribbon team of legal experts has urged a radical easing of the marijuana laws that would make simple possession of a small quantity of grass no crime at all." The recommendation is included in a two-inch-thick report to a joint legislative committee for revision of the Penal Code, and it was prepared by a ten-man team headed by Arthur Sherry, professor of law at U. C. Berkeley. "When we consider the information available," the report says, "it turns out that marijuana, rather than being a producer of violence, is a type of tranquilizer . . . it seems beyond question that much of the youthful rebellion against prohibitory marijuana laws finds its justification in a respectable body of medical and scientific opinion to the effect that marijuana is not an addictive, narcotic drug . . ."

Sherry's committee, however, did not advocate legalizing cannabis, saying grass can still be considered dangerous "for what is still beyond the boundaries of scientific and psychiatric knowledge." Still, they are saying that possession of less than "one pound" of grass should not be a crime; more than that would be a misdemeanor, and possessing or selling more than 10 pounds would be a felony. The new laws, Sherry said, are designed to curb what he calls "the trend toward legal overkill."

You've got to admit, it's getting better.

Here's a short tale about a producer who didn't produce: Eric Jacobsen, who accounted for the early hits of the Lovin' Spoonful and Sopwith Camel, flew into San Francisco early last year, financed by Warner Brothers-Seven Arts and determined to wax his share of the "San Francisco Sound." He was set up in the Columbus Towers as head of Sweet Reliable Productions and gathered together what he called a "family of artisans." But after a year and a half, he produced one album and two singles, none of which exactly busted the charts. So WB-7 has withdrawn its money and Jacobsen is, once again, just an independent producer. He's kicked out a lot of his family, he's down to four associates, and he's starting all over again.

For the last time: There is no "San Francisco Sound."

Actors' Equity Association, the legitimate theater actors' union, has banned its members from actual screwing (or, in its word, "hard sex acts") on stage, though it allows nudity under certain conditions. The union came out with the sex-and-skin regulations in the face of such strip-and-strap productions as *Hair*, *Oh, Calcutta!* and *Che*. George Ives of the L.A. chapter said, "We've had a great many inquiries from members as to what their obligations are, and it became obvious that we needed some standards."

Their resulting statement, which states that "hard sex acts are out altogether"—includes these dicta:

- No nudity at open Equity interviews.
- No performer required to disrobe until after he has been auditioned as an actor and/or singer and/or dancer.
- No sex acts required at any performance, rehearsal, or audition; nudity permitted at auditions only when an Equity stage manager or official observer is present.
- Where nudity and/or acts of a sexual nature are required, the performer must be advised in writing before signing a contract; the script shall be submitted to the performer for prior review if he requests.

"The stars themselves don't have any problems because they can see a script before agreeing to a part," said Ives, "but others can't do that. And unless you've read the script, you don't know what you're getting into." Well put.

Who's afraid of the big bad narc?: The most popular motel for rock people in the LA area is the Chateau Marmont, and why not? There's a strainer in every suite . . . And in one of the recording studios in San Francisco, there's a device called "the pot alarm" hooked up between the receptionist's desk (within knee's reach) and the control room. Roll on . . .

Good news for the diehard Moby Grape fans: Moby Grape dies hard. A report on the band's breakup, taken mostly from a rap with their former producer David Robinson, now stands corrected: Moby Grape is still very much together. According to their new manager, Tim Dellara, the group—now a trio—has just finished an album, recorded in Nashville, are practicing regularly at guitarist Peter Lewis' house in Boulder Creek (in the Santa Cruz mountains), and are now looking for a bass player to round out the band.

The new album, called *Truly Fine Citizen*, as produced by Bob Johnston and made use of session man Bobby Moore on bass. The LP, Dellara said, will probably be released July 31st.

Former Columbia producer Robinson, now a vice-president and producer at Bill Graham's Fillmore Corporation, had given ROLLING STONE a rundown on the Grape: Skip Spence was on his own with an LP for Columbia (true: it's out and it's called *Oar*); bassist Bob Mosley left in February (true); drummer Don Stevenson and guitarist Jerry Miller took up with another band (false) and Peter Lewis was in Nashville on his own (sort of false; he was there with Stevenson and Miller).

Whatever . . . the three Grapes are all living in Boulder Creek and plan to hit off on concerts again as soon as a regular bass man is found.

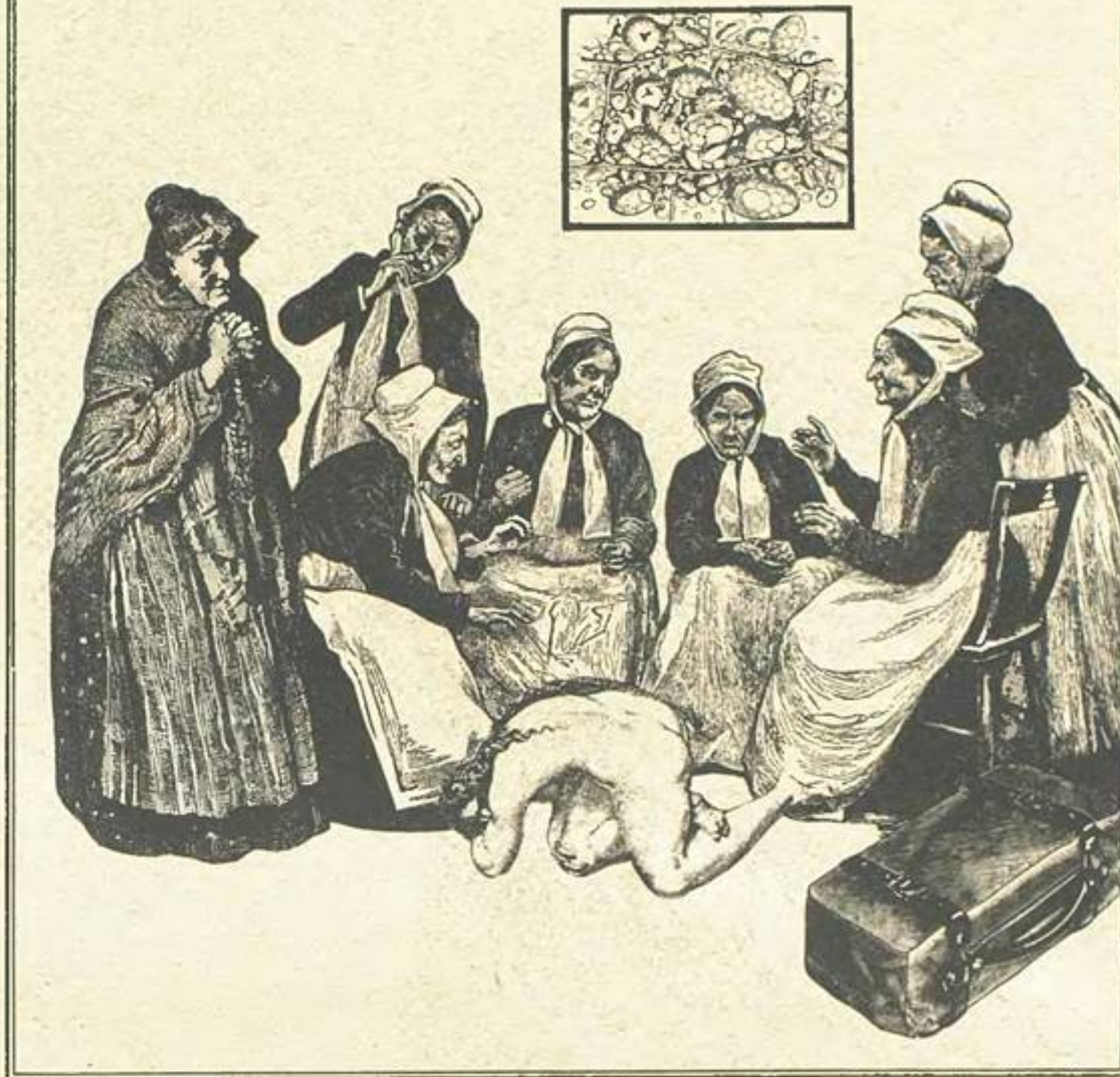
Note for our counter-counter-revolutionaries: In London, the National Union of Students and the National Council for Civil Liberties are, in effect, spying on spies. They're putting together a dossier of cases of cops approaching students for information on fellow-students. They plan to file a formal complaint to the Home Secretary about the incidents.

Five cases are in the file, the recent one—added two weeks ago—being the case of John Bell, former chairman of Durham University Conservative Association. He revealed that he was visited by a detective last April and asked to inform on leftist students after he'd circulated a pamphlet attacking the radicals for "wrecking political meetings."

Bell refused to cooperate and, instead, told a leader of the University's militant Socialist group about the approach. However, he said, one of his fellow-conservatives got a similar approach and supplied the cop with the names of two well-known militants before extricating herself from the situation.

Similarly, the Warden of London's Goldsmiths College, Dr. D. R. Chesterman, has stated that last autumn a member of his staff was approached by two cops seeking information about three students, and the information was given under the mistaken impression that the officers had a search warrant.

Sammy Davis, Jr., who is the kind of black man who makes you think it must be some kind of optical illusion, has decided to leave LA for Harry Belafonte's beloved Caribbean—Nassau in the Bahamas, to be exact. "I could take up residence in Europe," he said, "where I believe my popularity to be as great as it is in the States; but it is not my intention to run away. I feel I belong with my people." Of the tropical island's relaxed, leisure-life pace he said, "This is where it's at." His new home is on property adjoining that of soul brother Sidney Poitier.



SATTY

LOVE LETTERS AND ADVICE

—Continued from Page 4

side for the black brothers, but this stuff doesn't get publicized too much.

When Blood, Sweat and Tears came for a concert last month, a whole 2,000 people showed up. Omaha is still the "Louie, Louie" capitol of the world. Wheh!

Oh yeah, by the way, thank you for turning me on to Richard Brautigan. Reading him gives me something to do in this town.

DAVID BENTON
OMAHA

SIRS:

I was very pleased to read the different Pop Festivals playing this summer. However, you left out a very important one: The Toronto '69 Pop Festival from June 20-22. This will probably reach you too late, but I just wanted to set the record straight.

TED MATTHEWS
INGERSOLL, ONTARIO

SIRS:

John Mayall sure seems to have a nose for talent. At one time or another, all of the following have been part of his group: Eric Clapton (now with Blind Faith); Peter Green and John McVie (now with Fleetwood Mac); Aynsley Dunbar (Retaliation); Keef Hartley (Keef Hartley Band); Tony Reeves, Dick Heckstall-Smith, Jon Hiseman, all on *Bare Wires* album (now with Colosseum), and Mick Taylor (now replacing Brian Jones in the Rolling Stones).

CURT EDDY
MARYSVILLE, KANSAS

SIRS:

I don't know what synagogue Ritchie Yorke goes to, but I'd be surprised to find one that's filled on Sunday—even in Canada. (This all refers to the first paragraph of Yorke's story on the Lenons, June 28.) May the wrath of Simon and Garfunkel descend upon Ritchie Yorke. Synagogues are open Saturdays.

Not only that, but in the second paragraph Yorke refers to Toronto as the "staid, conservative capital of Canada." Staid and conservative, maybe. I've never been there. But it ain't the capital of Canada. Ottawa is.

I hope the rest of the story was more accurate. It's bad enough to read about John and Yoko everywhere, without wondering about the accuracy of the people writing about them.

MARTY KOHN
PROVIDENCE, R.I.

SIRS:

After reading your review of the new James Taylor record I went out and bought it, hoping to hear some very relaxing music. John Landau had said the record "will doubtless soothe a good many heads besides his own," and I had expected something like Donovan, which it is not. Beautiful Donovan is the prophet of love, beauty and joy; James Taylor writes songs resplendent with exuberant melodies and humor.

Landau did say that the bass playing is extraordinary, but didn't he notice on the album jacket that it is credited to Paul McCartney? To sum it all up, though Taylor's style is not entirely gentle, he does prove to be an excellent folksinger.

RUSSEL DALE
PLEASANTON, CALIF.

SIRS:

It seems not even Peter Townshend knows the real story of Tommy. He is leading people to believe that Tommy goes deaf, dumb and blind after seeing his mother screwed by an outsider and then being shaken into forgetting it. Actually, here's how it happened:

Tommy is three years old and his parents are out at a Knights of Pythias meeting. His baby-sitter sees him fiddlin' about and tries to get him to unhand himself. Being new at the sport, she fails and runs around screaming, "It's a queer, Mrs. Walker, it's a queer." John Alec Entwistle enters through the back window and serenades the babysitter with "21 is Gonna Be a Good Year." He tries to soothe her, but her mind is plagued by the baby's penis. Entwistle then courageously shouts, "You didn't see it, you never saw it."

Suddenly the door opens and Tommy's Ma and Pa come running in. Ma notices the baby-sitter is fixing her garters! She informs Pa. Pa, shocked by the sight, runs to his son and screams in his face, "What about the boy! What about the boy! He saw it all!" Having just had 26 onions, 403 scallions, three stale cigars and a bottle of mouthwash, his breath causes Tommy to deaf, dumb and blind.

After this Townshend's interpretation of the story is fairly accurate. I really wish, though, that he'd consulted me first.

TOMMY WALKER
BROOKLYN



BERT SOMMER
"THE ROAD TO TRAVEL"



ST-189

IT'S
SOMMER
TIME
ON CAPITOL



Summer Bummer

Continued from Page One

arrest, about half of them on charges of assault with a deadly weapon against a police officer. Other charges ranged from drinking in public to possession of drugs. Next day, the city began to bellow and grunt.

Michael Kohn, police commission president, said this group undoubtedly would present the city council with recommendations for a new ordinance to enforce more rigid controls over concerts and similar events.

City Councilman Robert Wilkinson said extra police and overtime cost to the city was \$35,000 "and we haven't even begun to figure the damage to city property." Wilkinson represents the Devonshire Downs area, where the festival was held.

And local residents were shouting about the number of young people using their pools and camping overnight in their flower beds.

While the entire area—several blocks in all directions—looked as if ten garbage and trash trucks had collided in the middle of a windstorm.

Even disregarding the violence and vandalism (as impossible as that is), the festival was anything but festive. The producers, Mark Robinson and Paul Schibe of Mark Productions, tried hard, spending thousands of dollars on ground cover and other facilities, but it just wasn't enough. For a few thousand who were positioned close to the huge stage it might have been the musical trip of the decade, but for the vast majority it was a nightmare.

Traffic to and from the fairgrounds was nearly impenetrable and parking severely limited, forcing thousands to park on distant residential streets.

Hundred-foot lines formed outside an insufficient number of stinking, overflowing portable toilets.

The sound system was totally inadequate, however good it might have been, with nearly all the 50,000 or so present each day beyond the reach of the speakers. There was also a droning public address system echoing through a nearby strip of temporary psychedelic shops... while overhead there was a constantly circling police helicopter (dubbed "the Blue Fist" from *Yellow Submarine* by master of ceremonies John Carpenter). Sometimes there were two helicopters, drowning out the likes of Buffy Sainte-Marie.

Visibility was similarly limited. Even those near the 10-foot high stage couldn't see well because of crowding and the height of the stage itself. For most of those present, the stage was so far away you knew where the acts were only because that's where most people were facing. Lighting and camera towers obstructed vision more.

Even for those who were close enough to hear and see, some of the acts were bad—including Jimi Hendrix, who provided a listless set, told the audience it was a "teenybopper crowd," and left to a smattering of applause. (It might be added that Hendrix was paid \$100,000 for the gig—a sum he did not ask but was offered by the promoters, and which put some other performers uptight.)

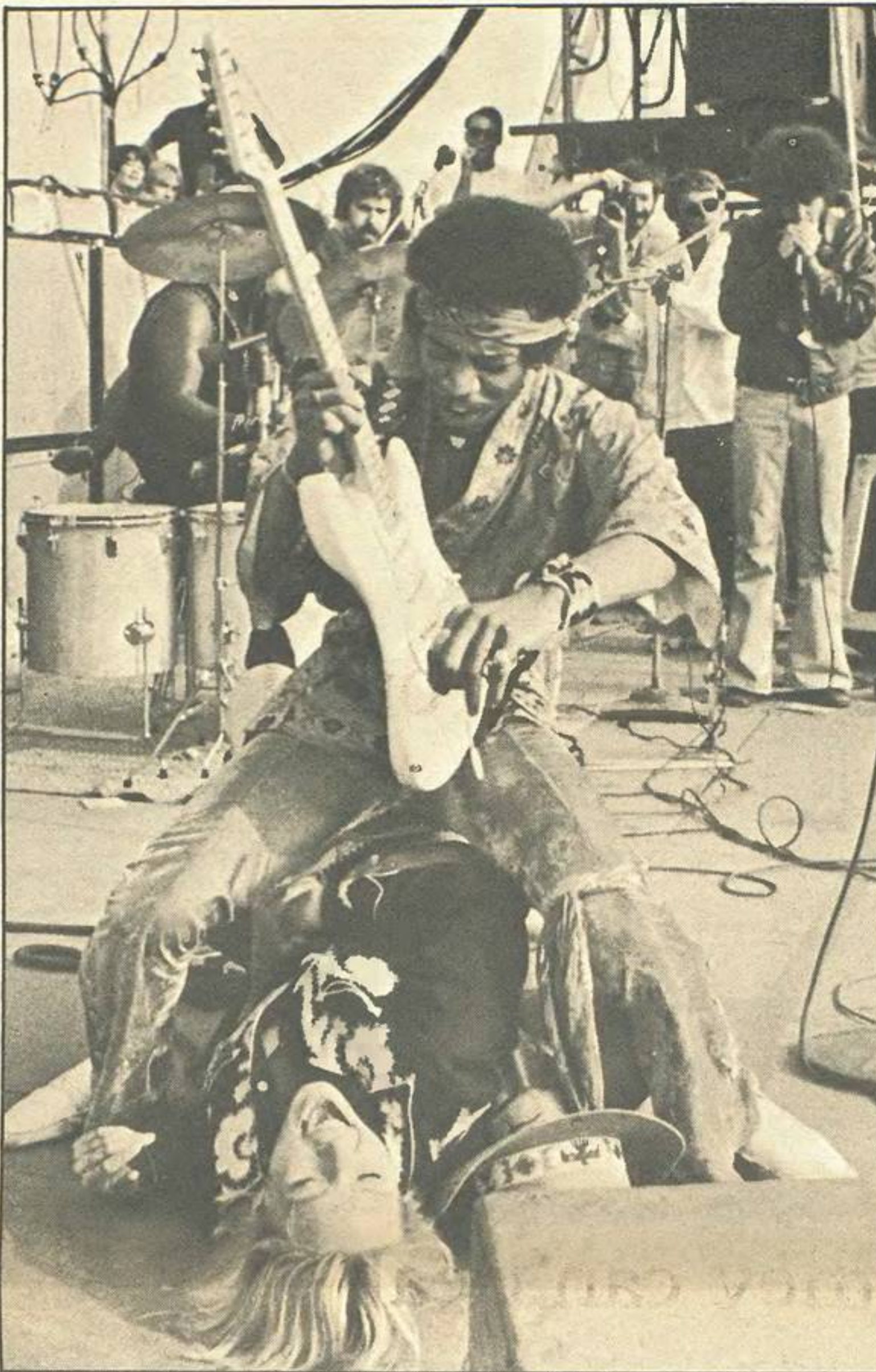
The biggest bummer of all was the enormity of the thing. Even though the fairgrounds was the size of a small airfield, the mammoth number of bodies jammed together over much of it and scattered along the perimeter made it look look (and feel) like the railroad station scene during the burning of Atlanta in *Gone With the Wind*.

Local high schools and colleges had just closed for the summer and as one observer put it, "Have you noticed the number of babies and small children here? You know why? Because every babysitter in Los Angeles County is here."

All there was to do, unless you were immobilized in the center of the crush of humanity, was to mill around—which is what tens of thousands did, looking for amusement and booze and drugs. "Got any dope?" was a frequently heard plaint. So was, "How about sharing your wine?"

And when it was all over, those on the inside merely added to the destruction accomplished outside.

Giant bonfires were built on the astro-turf and burlap ground covering, virtually destroying it. The tasseled canopies scattered across the fairgrounds were torn down and set afire. The grandstand at one side of the field was partially dismantled, along with the slatted



Hendrix comes down hard on Eric Burdon. At the bottom: Sunshine.

wood walls of a nearby exhibition building. And everywhere there was a sea of broken Ripple and Gallo bottles. (The first aid tent, manned by the Free Clinic, treated hundreds for cut feet.)

Of course there were good moments—as when Janis Joplin was introduced to thunderous applause the first night and when, on Sunday, Hendrix redeemed himself and returned to jam with Tracy Nelson of Mother Earth, Buddy Miles and the bassist from Janis's band. Also as when two bands not scheduled to appear (Smoke and Navaho Honey) set up and began to play in an open building adjacent to the psychedelic runway, giving several hundred a place to get it on. The light show, by Glenn McKay's Head Lights, was dwarfed by the size of things but excellent. The standard hot dog and Pepsi fare offered at such gatherings was happily augmented by Hansen juices and health cookies. And the Ike and Tina Turner Revue knocked 'em dead, as did Joe Cocker, Three Dog Night, and a number of others.

Before the festival was held, Mark Robinson (who had been involved in two other bummers in the summers in 1967 and 1968 in Los Angeles) distributed to the press a "final pre-budget" breakdown, showing he had committed himself to spending \$282,000 for the acts.

In name value, it was a quarter-million seemingly well-spent (however exorbitant). Besides those already mentioned, the festival presented Spirit, Steppenwolf, the Chambers Brothers, the Don Ellis Orchestra, the Edwin Hawkins Singers, Southwind, Taj Mahal, Albert Collins, Brenton Wood, Cat Mother, Charity, Eric Burdon, Friends of Distinction, Jethro Tull, Love, Sweetwater, Jerry Lauderale, the Womb, Booker T. and the MGs, Flock, the Grassroots, Marvin Gaye (who missed his plane—and his gig), the Byrds, and Poco. It was, like the attendance, one of the biggest turnouts yet.

Unfortunately, it probably was this high cost of talent that drove the ticket cost up (to \$6 a day in advance, \$7 at the gate, \$15 in advance for the three days) and beyond the reach of hundreds. Others came to the festival specifically to crash the gates.

I interviewed one of the gate-crashers once he was inside. In fact, he claimed in a peculiarly proud way to be one of the "ring-leaders."

"I never pay to go to these things, man," he said. "Why should I? I don't support these guys. I only support the people who need the money. I've been to every festival there is and I've never paid to get into one of them."

He did not seem willing to accept—or even consider—the possibility that his actions might cause the festival to be cancelled or make it impossible ever to hold another in this area. He told me to go fuck myself and walked off.

The violence started on another front the same day (Friday), when teenagers outside the fence surrounding the backstage area threw rocks at the Don Ellis Orchestra as it was preparing to go on. Ellis began his set saying three of the guys in the band had been injured, one of them hospitalized (Sam Falzone, lead sax), another suffering a broken foot, the third bruises and cuts on his face.

From that point it was downhill, with occasional high points which may have seemed high because the rest was so miserable.

Mark Robinson claimed his costs amounted to more than half a million dollars, closer, in fact to \$600,000. He could not be reached for a final gate count, but the festival's publicist quoted him as saying the gross had passed \$750,000 by two o'clock Sunday—seven hours before the gates were opened to everyone. Because of the violence, however, he claims to have lost, not made, \$150,000.

A few days before Newport '69 began, George Wein of the Newport R.I., jazz and folk festival got a court injunction against the producers of the California fete while co-producers of the esthetically disastrous but financially rewarding Newport '68 festival also laid claim to the name.

Today the producers of Newport '69 probably would sell the name for a buck. A buck-fifty tops.

Even then they might be getting too much.

Denver Festival: Mace with Music

BY JIM FOURATT

DENVER, Colo.—The Denver Pop Festival, staged at a baseball park called Mile High Stadium, turned out to be a total bringdown, thanks to a series of pitched battles between bikers and would-be gate crashers and enthusiastic troops of club-wielding, tear-gassing, mace-pumping police officers.

Fighting between the youths and cops marred the last two nights of the otherwise excellent and enjoyable three-day event. Sunday's violence resulted in six minor injuries and 33 arrests, while on Saturday, three cops suffered minor injuries, five were arrested, and thousands of festival-goers fled from their grandstand seats onto the grassy field to escape from tear gas fumes from outside the stadium.

Both evenings' troubles began with crowds of youths milling on a small hill outside the stadium gates listening to the music from the stage, which was set up on the right-field foul line facing the stands. Both evenings, the troubles subsided only when producer Barry Fey agreed to open the gates and let the outsiders in for free.

The festival, held June 27th, 28th and 29th, headlined such acts as Jimi Hendrix, the Mothers, Creedence Clearwater Revival, Johnny Winter, and Joe Cocker. It began peacefully enough, with some 14,000 persons congregated under cool Rocky Mountain weather. The Chicago group Flock, featuring violinist Jerry Goodman, turned the crowd on to the extent that one kid stripped naked and pranced around the stands. That bit of freaking brought on the first cop. Meanwhile, a small crowd of people roamed the parking lot area outside the gates, and 100 or so made their way under the fencing, into the stadium. Rent-a-cops and management immediately freaked, and City cops were called. Still, things stayed cool. As 25 helmeted law officers took their places in a box-seat section, Frank Zappa dedicated a tune, "Brown-ing Out," to them, telling the audience, "The cops are here to protect you from you."

Outside, however, the one petty incident needed to rile the protectors happened: A flying bottle hit a cop's helmet; a chase resulted in the arrest of a zonked-out black dressed in an orange jumpsuit; sirens blared while the P. A. system played "Street Fighting Man" on stage, and the scene was set for Saturday.

That evening, the hill-people multiplied tenfold, while the cops, lined up like soldiers and decked out in full battle array, gloved like a national promotion for law and order. Trouble started around 6:30 P. M. when a crowd of about 300 gathered at one of the gates, and some of them tried to climb over the 7-foot-high barrier, topped by barbed wire. Elsewhere, another crowd tried to push their way through the main gate, and cops, fully equipped with Mace chemical canisters, yard-long riot sticks, and tear gas, converged onto the scenes.

Missiles were tossed at the cops—ranging from watermelon rinds to bottles—most of the objects coming from the stands, where the successful gate-crashers were located. And a full battle began, with cops lobbing tear-gas canisters both at the crowds in the lots and the hill people.

While many of the paying customers continued to keep their eyes and ears on Zephyr on stage, showers of missiles were hitting the cops from the stands, and the objects now included tear gas canisters being tossed back at cops. Then the Denver air changed; a strong wind began to whip, and the fumes from the gas cans began wafting through a good section of the stadium. Thousands of customers had to go onto the field and lie down, face down, to minimize the gas's effects.

Stage manager Chip Monck, a veteran of several large festivals, kept the people calm while Zephyr still played. At 8 P. M., Fey relented to let people in free, and Denver was quiet again—for awhile.

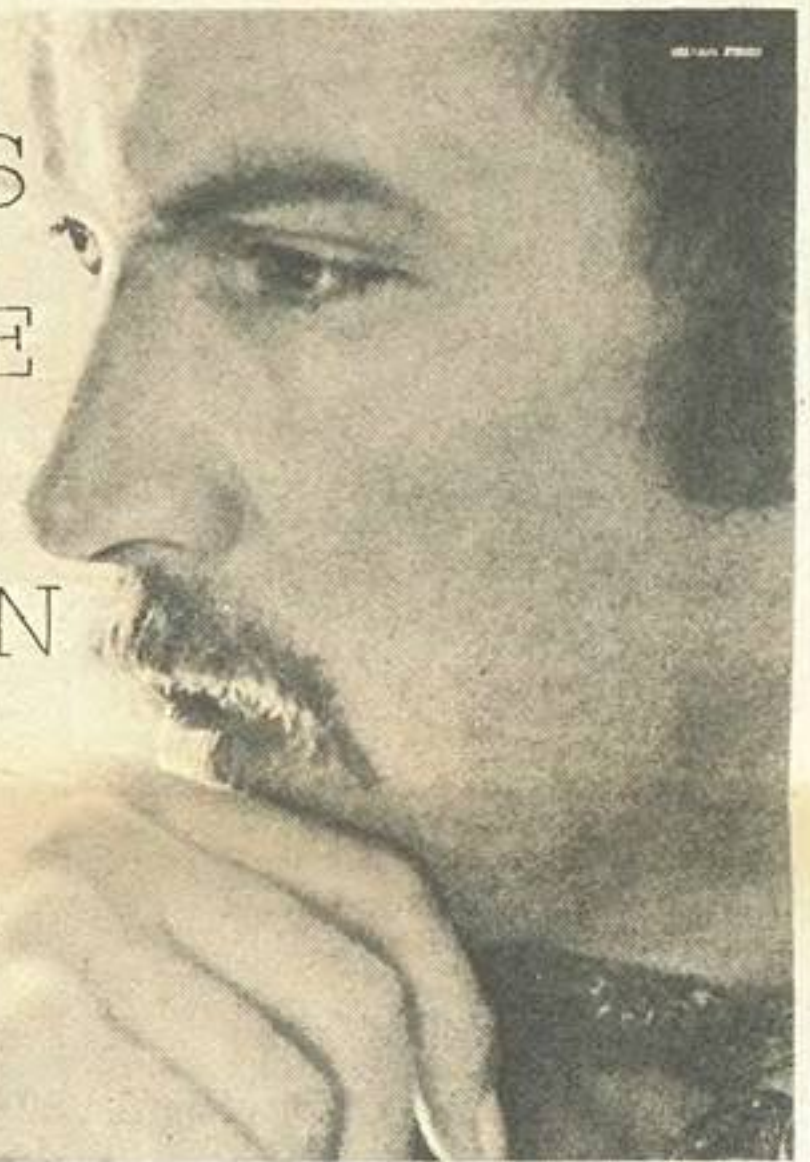
On Sunday, the largest crowd yet—some 17,000—showed up. Again, they paid their way and sat peacefully in the stands. But again, the cops doubled their numbers and came to do war. While the bikers and the babies and

—Continued on Page 8

Reflections.

“What I’ve learned from Jacques Brel is that you can write exciting songs that ebb and flow, that deal with ‘important’ things, with real things. They can be love that’s ugly as well as beautiful; they can deal with war and what it does to people...with anything.

THE
THINGS
I
NOTICE
NOW
TOM
PAXTON



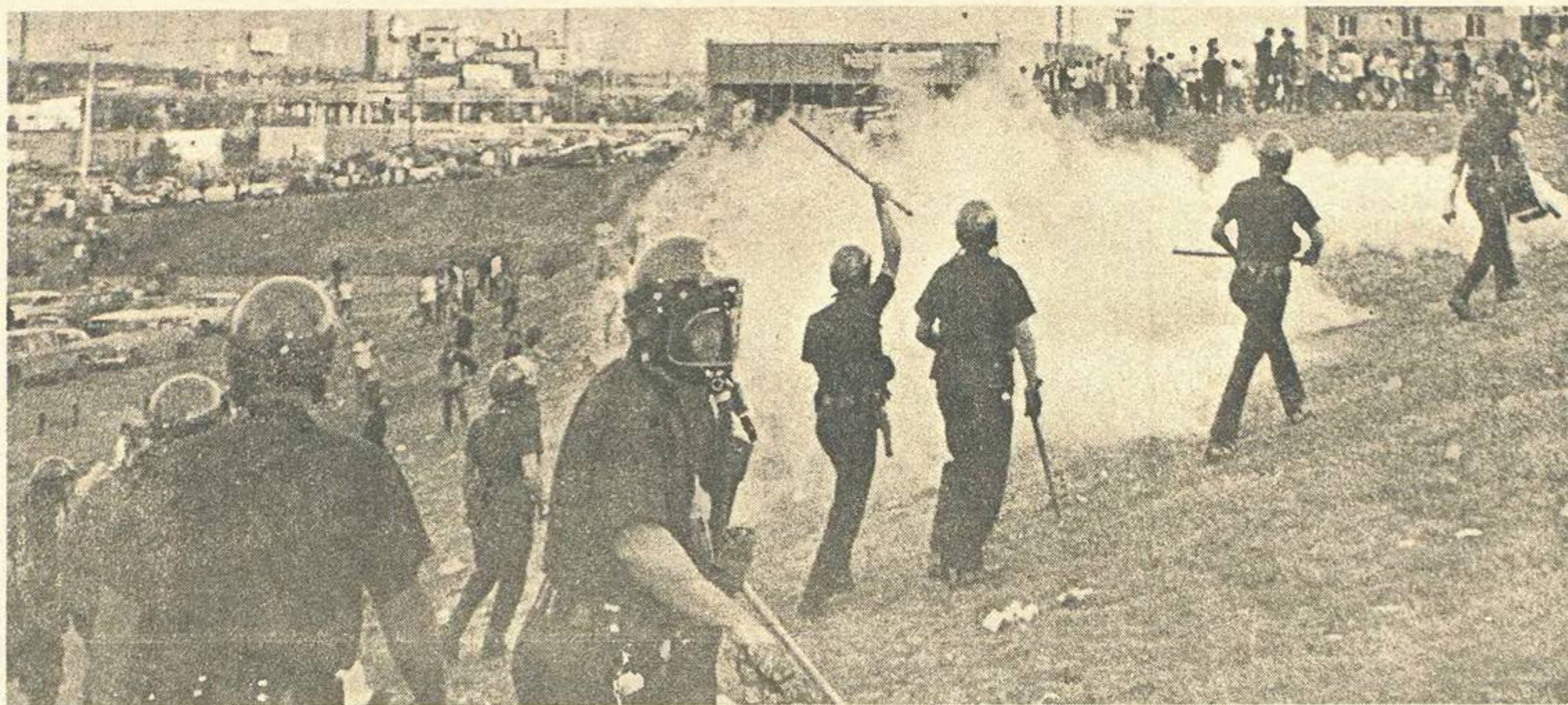
More and more, with every song I write, I try to record what I see and leave out what I think. What I’m really trying to do is document the time, not the attitudes of the time. But the time includes a lot of things. I got off the soapbox a long time ago, but I didn’t quit caring.”

Tom Paxton



Tom Paxton/The Things I Notice Now
EKS 74043

Also on all tape configurations by Ampex



Denver: The cops were ready for the freaks

Denver Post

—Continued from Page 6

the other non-payers—about 500 of them—sat atop the hill near the stadium to dig the “free music,” about 300 cops, along with a platoon of police dogs, showed up at the bottom of the hill, this time with a portable weapon called the “Pepper Fog,” a tear-gas generating machine that can be aimed to pump clouds of tear gas—mixed with skin-burning Mace—at people. They were also armed with birdshot filled, shotgun-like rifles.

Despite a noted lack of trouble, the cops began to ready “Pepper Fog,” starting a loud rumbling sound, like a powerful motorboat engine. Curious people began filtering down the hill to see what was causing the noise, and the Petty Incident happened: A watermelon rind flew into the crowd of cops. Reaction was swift: Pepper Fog began belching blindly at people all over the hill while other officers met barrages of firecrackers and bottles with more tear gas containers. They hit almost anyone they saw from the bottom of the hill to the top, through a parking lot to the gate areas where, again, outsiders were clustered. Police clubbed fence-climbers—young women as well as men—and continued the chasing, gassing, and clubbing (in one case, a cop was seen pulling a man down by his hair until a fellow officer intervened) until Fey again okayed the opening of gates.

Cops entered the stadium, their shotguns poised—but no trouble developed. Afterward, Denver’s police chief blamed the trouble on members of the American Liberation Front, anti-war radicals who were holding a “live-in” at City Park to show, among other things, that “revolution through music is possible.” The cops saw them as guerillas taunting the cops and hoping for overreaction on their part, the action then leading to massive rioting.

But even the Denver Post reported, the following Monday, that cops were needlessly violent in their clubbing and gassing actions, and that “the vast majority of those who suffered from the tear gas were guilty of no more than being in the wrong place at the wrong time.”

Christ, They Know It Ain't Easy

BY BEN FONG TORRES

SAN FRANCISCO—“The Ballad of John and Yoko” is being banned by at least half of the Top 40 AM stations around the country, but it’s Number One anyway. And another Lennon-Ono peace record is on the way.

When “Ballad” was released in late May, dozens of stations immediately announced a ban, citing the refrain, “Christ, you know it ain’t easy, you know how hard it can be; The way things are going—they’re gonna crucify me.” Program directors have called the casual reference to the deity “profane,” “sacrilegious,” “offensive,” and generally “objectionable.”

In San Francisco, Bill Gavin, influ-

ential record programmer, turned thumbs down on the Beatles record—“I personally found it offensive,” he explained—while admitting, in his newsletter, that “the instrumental track is great and Lennon sings with conviction.” He is keeping the record off his “Recommended Playlist.”

Among stations banning the record, Gavin said, were WMCA in New York, WLS in Chicago, and almost all of the Bill Drake-consulted stations around the country. In an informal poll of his 112 correspondents taken a couple of weeks ago, Gavin found only 21 stations playing the single. Now, he says, it’s about 50 percent, “but some of them are playing edited versions—they’ve beeped out the objectionable parts or cut out the lines about ‘peace in bed.’” (The line, sung in answer to reporters’ questions at John and Yoko’s Amsterdam bed-in, goes, “We’re only trying to get us some peace.” For some listeners, it’s just a little too close to “trying to get us a piece.”)

KFRC, the top rated rock station in San Francisco, is not airing the record—or including it in their Big 30 listings despite heavy sales—because, as program director Ted Adkins put it, “Good God, if we did, the Program Director’d have to answer all those calls from irate listeners who have their own crosses to bear!” KFRC is a Drake-consulted station, but Adkins said there has been no blanket order regarding “Ballad” from Drake. Down the street, meanwhile, KYA found Adkins’ explanation objectionable. “It’s a good record, so we’re playing it—that’s all,” said the record librarian there. “We’ve received maybe one call protesting it.”

In Chicago, WCFL is the only station playing the record. Jim Stagg, musical director, said the line in question didn’t offend anyone at his station making programming decisions. “We feel we had an obligation to Beatle fans as well as others to allow them the opportunity of hearing it,” he said.

Lennon himself explained the meaning of the “Christ” line while calling U.S. radio stations from his bed-in site in Montreal.

“It has two meanings,” he told Bob Lewis of WABC-FM in New York. “It’s like a prayer. You know, ‘Jesus, you alone should know it ain’t easy.’ And it has that street language connotation, too. But even when it’s used irreverently, it’s in effect a prayer, too. It’s a gospel song. I’m a big Christ fan—the song is a prayer.” Why is it being banned? “Man, you know why,” Lennon replied.

All hubbub aside, the Beatles’ latest (actually done by only Lennon and McCartney, with Paul doubling on drums), despite being released on the heels of “Get Back,” is headed straight for Number One, having reached Number 24 in the national charts in only its second week aboard. And it is Number One in all major cities in America, not to mention London.

Meanwhile, the pace of the Lennon-Ono peace drive seems to be only accelerating. A tune called “Give Peace a Chance,” recorded by the pair in their Montreal hotel suite, is scheduled

for release July 4th.

The song, to be released on Apple, is by the Plastic Ono Band, comprised of John, Yoko, and “about 40 other people”—including a Jewish rabbi and Tom Smothers. The song is described as a “hypnotic chant”—a cross, perhaps, between “Oh Happy Day” and “All You Need Is Love.” It was recorded with a four-track machine borrowed from Capitol Records.

Hendrix Charged: Smack, Hash

TORONTO—Jimi Hendrix will have to stand jury trial on charges of possession of heroin and hashish, Judge Robert Taylor ruled at a preliminary hearing June 19th.

Hendrix was released on \$10,000 cash bail, and no definite date was set for the trial.

Hendrix was arrested May 3rd at Toronto International Airport when a customs official found three packages of white powder in a glass jar in a flight bag Hendrix had offered for inspection. Also found was a metal tube.

At the hearing, the state prosecutor said that chemical analysis showed the powder to be heroin, while the substance in the tube was hash.

Hendrix was not expected to enter a plea at the hearing—a normal, procedural event—and remained silent while the prosecutor read a list of other contents of the flight bag—shampoo, hair spray, a large comb, vitamin pills, and a pocketbook.

There were no other charges leveled at Hendrix, thus dispelling reports of trafficking, transporting, and cannabis charges spread around the time of the airport arrest.

Hendrix was busted near the tail end of a long concert tour; he had just flown into Toronto from Detroit when his eight-man troupe was stopped at Customs.

After his preliminary hearing, he flew back west to appear the next night at the Newport ’69 festival at Devonshire Downs. He was uptight, to say the least, but seemed a totally different man Sunday, when he made a surprise appearance to conduct, direct, and play a two-hour jam with Buddy Miles, Mother Earth, Eric Burdon, and assorted sax and reed men.

FESTIVALS

SEATTLE—The three-day Seattle Pop Festival takes place July 25th, 26th, and 27th in Goldcreek Park in Woodenville, Washington. The park comes complete with swim pools, picnic areas, and even a full-size fort. Groups scheduled: Chuck Berry, Ike and Tina Turner, Spirit, Chicago, Eric Burdon, Tim Buckley, Youngbloods, Led Zeppelin, Flying Burrito Brothers, Black Pearl, Albert Collins, Ten Years After, It’s a Beautiful Day, Guess Who, and Santana, with more acts

to be added. Shows go from noon to midnight all three days, and campsites will be available.

TORONTO, ONT.: The Mariposa Folk Festival will be staged on Toronto Islands July 25th, 26th, and 27th, with Joan Baez heading the bill. Other top acts include Taj Mahal, Neil Young, Joni Mitchell, Ian and Sylvia, Lester Flatt with his newlyformed band, the New Lost City Ramblers, and about a dozen others, ranging from traditionalist folk artists to French Canadian chansonniers popular in Canada.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—Three evenings of blues are set for July 11th, 12th, and 13th at the State University of Buffalo’s Rotary Field. Friday’s concert features Jesse Fuller and the James Cotton Blues Band; Saturday there’ll be Junior Wells and Howlin’ Wolf, and Sunday Muddy Waters and Buddy Guy are scheduled. In addition to the concerts, free shows will be presented on the field Saturday and Sunday afternoons. Evening concerts begin at 8:30 P.M.

NEW YORK—Twelve hours of music each, on August 16th and 17th, comprise the Woodstock Music and Art Fair in upstate Wallkill, New York. A heavy bill is topped by the band, Crosby, Stills and Nash, Jefferson Airplane, Blood, Sweat, and Tears, Janis Joplin, and Creedence Clearwater Revival. Also: Richie Havens, Johnny Winter, Sly and the Family Stone, Laura Nyro, Iron Butterfly, Arlo Guthrie, Canned Heat, the Moody Blues, and Tim Hardin. The event, called “An Aquarian Exposition,” takes place on 500 acres of land and includes an art exhibition along with the music.

Free Music

PHILADELPHIA—A Be-Free-In is being presented by the owners of the Electric Factory July 12th in Fairmont Park. No names were given, but the handbill says “Top Nat. Attractions; also Outstanding Local Groups.” And maybe even better, there’ll be free hot dogs, Pepsi, posters, fruit, and candy. It goes from “noon to moon.”

CHICAGO—The city’s park district has announced that, as a result of Jefferson Airplane’s big (50,000 turnout) and peaceful free concert in Grant Park May 13th, a series of civic “turn ons” will take place this summer. Chicago’s ideas for turning on, however, are predictably lame. Five gymnasts from Lake Shore Park will jump up and down on a trampoline while the nearby Buckingham Fountain symbolically shoots a stream of water 135 feet into the air.

MINNEAPOLIS—Sundays in the ghetto, there’s free music in this half of the Twin Cities. The affairs take place in a kind of people’s park, donated by a private redevelopment firm, on the West Bank, the hip/student/radical part of town. Things start moving around 1 P.M.

BUGSY SINGS HIS ASS OFF.

Bugsy Maugh has his new album out now and is forming his own group.

You will hear more from him and from it if the evidence presented herein is as indicative as I think it is. "It's in the grooves," Bugsy said of this album. I agree. It is.

—Ralph J. Gleason
Consulting Editor
"Rolling Stone"





Columbia Records & friends & associates sit themselves down: president Clive Davis at the absolute center

Columbia to Stay Above Ground

NEW YORK—Columbia Records has changed its mind about the revolution. Last year the label determined that the readership of the underground press constituted a choice market for its records and launched a full-size advertising campaign. But six weeks ago, Columbia pulled out of the underground on the grounds that it wasn't paying off.

Since this comes not long after the cancellation of the Smothers Brothers TV show—in a dispute over what CBS felt to be “questionable” material—and at a time when the Congress is investigating the SDS and similar revolutionary organizations, the underground press is rife with speculation concerning Columbia's political motives for dropping its underground campaign.

Business Week magazine recently quoted the advertising chief of Columbia, Morris Baumstein, to the effect that the underground press is “a highly logical medium for us.

“The people who read the papers,” Baumstein continued, “are the ones who include music as essential to their way of life. It is simply part of their bag.”

Today, Baumstein says this was more typical of Columbia's thinking last year. At about the end of the year, he says, Columbia began to discover that underground advertising was unproductive. The quote from Business Week appeared in mid-April, however.

The underground press feels that Baumstein's statement represents the truth about underground advertising, and many say that Columbia's reasons for the relatively sudden pull-out are more sinister than dollars-and-cents alone.

On June 11th, John Wilcock, editor of Other Scenes in New York and a “father” of the Underground Press Syndicate, met with Clive Davis, president of Columbia Records, in an inconclusive attempt to restore the company's advertising to the underground.

“Right off,” Wilcock reports, “Davis said their media surveys indicated that the underground papers just don't pull record sales. He was quite pleasant and quite pig-headed about the whole thing. It was obvious he had no intention of hearing us out.”

Wilcock claims that a source at the record company told him that the orders to end the underground ad campaign came from much higher up in the CBS scheme of things—from CBS president Frank Stanton. “CBS doesn't want to be associated with pornography, dope and revolution,” Wilcock explains. “That's the real reason for it.”

There are some 225 or more underground papers in this country, ranging from very small (1000 circulation monthly) to the Los Angeles Free Press's 100,000 (or so) weekly; the Underground Press Syndicate claims a total readership of one million. There is no precise indication how many of the papers Columbia used, but it is estimated that about \$100,000 of Columbia's money went into underground advertising in 1968.

The pull-out has had adverse effects on many of the papers. Berkeley Barb figures that it lost \$750 a month in revenue when Columbia stopped advertising. The Barb is financially healthy,

but to smaller papers that kind of loss can be disastrous.

Says Bert Cohen of Concert Hall Publications, an agency which claims to handle advertising for some 80 underground and allied papers: “A lot of the smaller ones paid for a whole issue with one full-page ad. With Columbia out of the picture they don't know what they're going to do.”

Other undergrounders take a more practical, more revolutionary view. “We never expected,” says Peter Wierbe, editor of the Detroit Fifth Estate, “that the corporations were going to finance the revolution.”

Some of the underground may have been misled by the semi-revolutionary cast of much of Columbia's advertising. It wasn't so much a matter of content as tone: groups of young long-hairs arrayed Columbia ad pages, likely as not smoking (what appeared to be) joints, under headlines that said *Know Who Your Friends Are* and *The Man Can't Bust Our Music*.

In retrospect, Columbia Records President Davis admits that these ads might have been ill-conceived. “Not so much the whole campaign as individual ads.” The one about *busting our music*, for instance? “Yes, that one,” Davis says. “I didn't think much of that one. But I don't see all the ads before they go out.”

Columbia's position in all this is “quite clear,” in Davis' view: the company has found that general-readership publications—be they Esquire, Playboy, Look, Life, 17, the New York Times Magazine or the underground papers—“just don't produce record sales.”

So Columbia has pulled out of all general-readership publications and is sticking with papers that deal primarily with music. Davis scoffs at the idea that Columbia was turned off by “obscene” language or photos. “No one here has taken a position on the basis of morality,” he says. “You get the same kind of pictures and fuckwords in some of the music publications as in the rest of the underground. If they're trying to say it's because of pictures and words used, just let me say I could care less about that.”

Davis maintains that Wilcock's “only pitch was that we should support the revolution.” And that, in the record company president's view, would be like giving the money to charity.

“If you're talking about charity, we have a full charitable program all over this country to every kind of impoverished group. But if you're talking about advertising, we're not supposed to support the revolution, we're supposed to sell records, and to expose our artists and their music to the widest possible audience.”

Asked whether Columbia Records had been ordered by Stanton or anyone else in the CBS hierarchy to stop advertising in the underground, Davis said no, he took “full responsibility for the decision.”

Another Columbia spokesman says the company will concentrate its ads on FM rock radio stations, where they feel assured of a more responsive audience for their goods.

A point of contention is the reliability of Columbia's media survey to determine the effectiveness of underground ads. The underground argues that Columbia never tried a coupon offer to

test their effectiveness. Coupon returns are reportedly excellent in the underground.

But Columbia cannot, it says, undertake a national coupon mail-in campaign. “It would put us in competition with our Record Club,” says Columbia advertising chief Baumstein. The only way a coupon campaign is feasible is if it's tied to each local distributor, and this seems to involve insurmountable logistical dilemmas.

Columbia, with its coast-to-coast distribution network, claims to be able to monitor sales in comparison with ads in local media with great efficiency. Wilcock and the underground asked to see the specific market research which had caused the company to conclude the underground was a poor media for its wares. Request denied.

Explains Baumstein: “There never was any formal market survey. We got the information from our sales staff around the country and after we'd seen enough of it, it became clear that the underground papers weren't paying off. We began to discover this at about the end of last year.”

The underground editors see themselves as revolutionaries, and—in this context—regard Columbia's pull-out as a counter-revolutionary act. The revolutionaries are beginning to talk about fighting back.

There is an informal plan afoot for underground editors to talk with Columbia artists as they appear in each city and demand that the artists make Columbia get back into the underground. The effectiveness of this tactic would likely depend on how many Columbia artists the underground can win to its persuasion—perhaps to a boycott—and this is impossible to guess.

The handwriting may have been on the wall as long ago as September, 1968, when the Evergreen Review published a photo essay of two chicks, one black, one white, in sexual confrontation. There was a Columbia Records ad in that issue, but that was the last Columbia ad Evergreen received. It is widely rumored in the industry that Stanton flipped out over this and ordered all CBS-affiliated advertising out of the publication.

Evergreen tends to take a more charitable view—perhaps in the hope Columbia will return. “You couldn't,” says one Evergreen staffer, “really say that was the cause. I saw a Columbia ad one time right next to a description of a blowjob in another publication, and they didn't do anything about that.”

Columbia's explanation is that the pull-out from Evergreen was just part of the general pull-out from general readership publications.

There is nothing new in advertisers' withdrawing their advertising from publications in disagreements over editorial content. There was a standing agreement for years that one advertiser would appear in every issue of one of the big national weeklies in which a hard-right-wing news analyst's column was published—with the ad printed right next to the editorial matter. When the columnist was dropped, the advertiser took a hike and has never returned.

And the amount of wheeling and dealing by advertisers that goes on concerning favorable/unfavorable news stories—most particularly in the areas of defense and aircraft building and tobacco and drugs—makes all the worst charges

against Columbia seem like rabbit shit by comparison.

Further, some record executives make it no secret that they shy away from certain underground publications according to their content. Business Week reported that Atlantic Records had pulled out of two publications in this regard.

And Laurie Records, a smallish New York firm with Malcolm X and Allen Ginsberg among its releases (on its Douglas label), readily admits that they do not advertise with publications which are into heavy sex trips. Laurie president Robert Schwartz is candid as to his reasoning on this. “There is,” he points out, “a matter of taste; the taste of the market you're trying to reach.”

“I can stand for a lot, but not smut for smut's sake. The people who buy our records aren't interested in that, either. If they identify with that, they probably don't identify with our recordings, so that sort of advertising represents a poor investment—you know, when the publication oversteps the bounds of reasonableness.”

Grateful Dead Ungrateful; Sued

SAN FRANCISCO—For want of a few words on the back of their latest album cover, the Grateful Dead have been slapped with a suit for \$120,750. A suit was filed last week by Pacific Recording, the San Mateo studios where the Dead made and mixed *Aoxomoxoa*. According to Paul Curcio, owner of Pacific, an “oral agreement” had been made with the Dead that he would give the band a 20 percent discount off studio fees if Pacific Recording got a credit on the LP jacket.

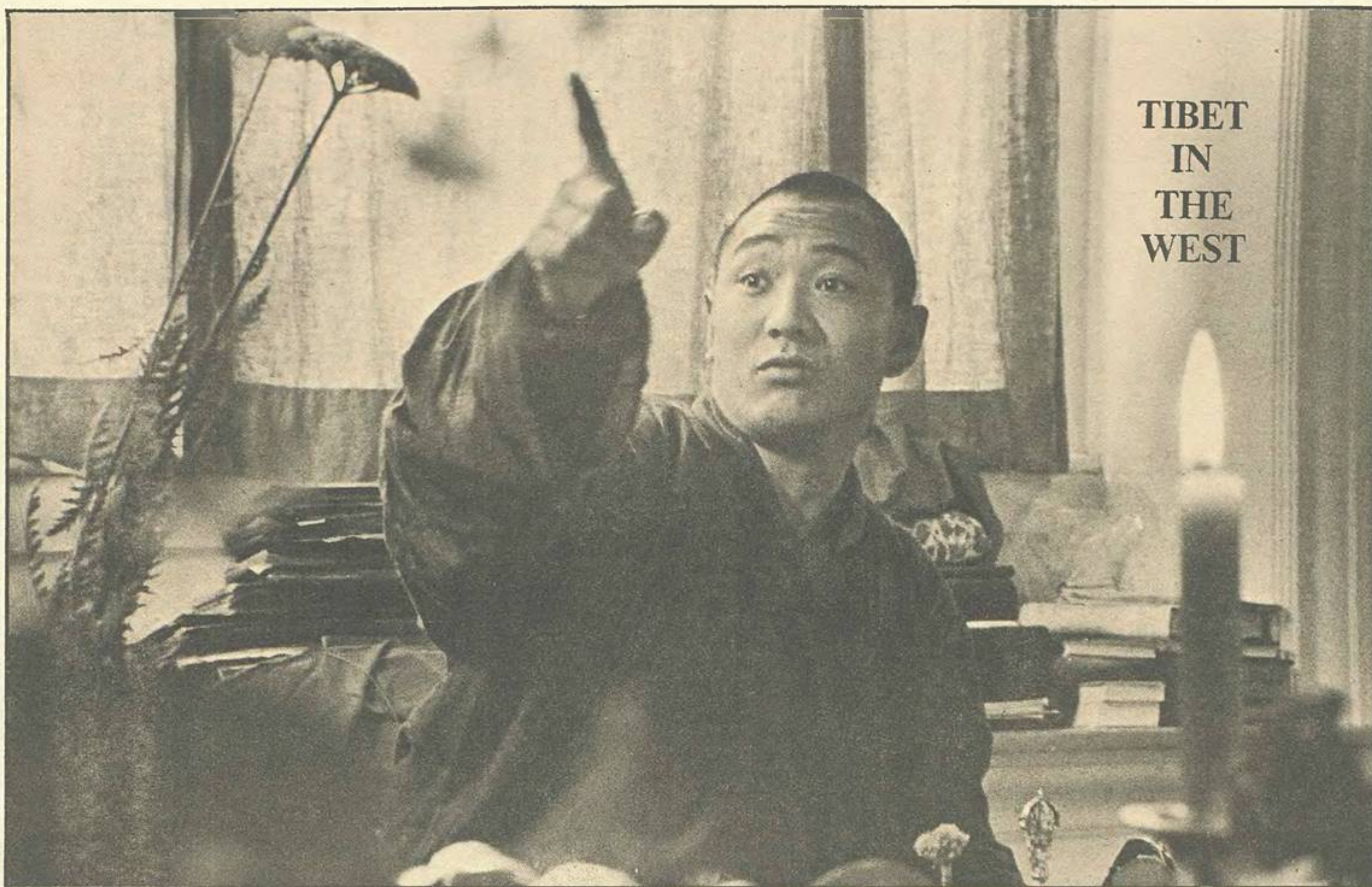
The band then racked up some 500 hours of studio time, including use of remote equipment and 8- and 16-track machines, over a six-month period. When the album finally came out: no Pacific mention. Curcio is suing the band for \$20,750—the amount of the discount—plus \$100,000 damages.

He claims that the Dead left the credit off deliberately. Rock Scully, manager of the Dead, couldn't agree more. “Things got so bad with Curcio that we decided not to give him credit, and just gave credit to our engineer (Ron Wickersham of Pacific) and our musicians. Like all the wind for the album came from the Grateful Dead, and all the technical stuff came from Ron, who built and wired the studio and is like the *mind* of the place.”

After Warner Brothers gave the Dead an ultimatum to finish up studio work, Scully said, the Dead returned to Pacific one Monday and “Boom! Over the weekend Curcio'd had the board ripped out from under us.”

The Dead finished up at San Francisco's Pacific High Recording studios. They've now furnished Warner Brothers with tapes for two live albums in addition to *Aoxomoxoa*, along with more than \$100,000 of bills.

Scully claims that “no real promise” was ever made for crediting Curcio's studios in the album. Curcio, however, says the oral understanding was made “between the band, their management and their attorney and myself and my attorney.”



TIBET IN THE WEST

BY CHARLES PERRY

By now you've read the *Tibetan Book of the Dead*, seen Tibetan mandalas and devotional paintings, perhaps even heard recordings of the wild, majestic strains of Tibetan liturgical music. One day it hits you: these people are around somewhere, alive right now in the Twentieth Century.

Or are they? There's not much news from Tibet. Since the 1958 invasion of the Red Chinese Army even thicker shrouds have been drawn around the always isolationist country. Today it is many times harder for Westerners to visit Tibet than it was under the rule of the Dalai Lama—who kept his country aloof from the rest of the world to the point of establishing diplomatic relations with only a handful of countries, and then only very late in the game.

The news that has come out of Tibet with the stream of refugees has made it clear that the Chinese are bent on eradicating the native culture of the land, the indigenous form of Buddhism in particular. Many reports have come out that have the Chinese executing monks wholesale, forcing them to violate their vows in public, burning religious libraries and sending their religious treasures to China. Stories are told of mass importation of Chinese population to swamp the local culture, even of forbidding the marriage of Tibetans to Tibetans.

A number of monks made their escape into India with other refugees. One estimate gives their number at around 10,000, though probably not as many as that are still entitled to be called monks because they have had to violate some of their 256 traditional vows on the way. A handful of monasteries have been set up, some monks attaching themselves to existing monasteries in the Indian border states of Nepal, Sikkim and Bhutan where the Tibetan form of Buddhism was already established.

Their situation is not very good, though they have their lives and religion intact. They mostly live like the other thousands of Tibetan refugees, the way refugees are forced to live the world over in 1969: exiles from their own country, unwanted aliens in their asylum country, where they live as the poorest class and are constantly subject to getting fleeced by the locals.

India is a particularly unfortunate place for Tibetans to live. Itself subject to periodic famines, India can hardly afford to be generous to 80,000 Tibetans. The refugees have had a lot of trouble adapting to the local diet of polished rice and curry, which is not as balanced as the whole barley and meat of Tibet. And the Indian climate—warm, moist, luxuriant with microbes—has always

been hard on people from the upper valleys of the Himalayas. It was not uncommon in the Middle Ages for a Tibetan monarch to send twenty young scholars to India to study scriptures, to have only two or three to come back.

So while the change of regime in Tibet might have brought the West into more contact with its esoteric religion, concretely all but a fraction of the monks who escaped are living in refugee camps in India, working on the roads for two rupees a day with the rest.

But there is that fraction, the handful of monks who have made it past travel restrictions, passport and visa details, and the incredible obstacle of raising the money for passage. For the most part these are still suffering the condition of all refugees, scattered here and there. Life isn't as harsh as in India, but wherever they go there is the absence of a supporting community that makes their form of religious life difficult and likely doomed.

There are numbers of Tibetans in Europe, concentrated in Switzerland where there are about 500. There are three lamas in Scotland, living in the monastery of Samyeling under the auspices of the Buddhist Society of London. This is the only existing monastery in the English-speaking world for the perpetuating of Tibetan Buddhism among non-Tibetans. The monks represent the Kargyutpa sect, with which English Buddhism has had close contact dating back to W. Y. Evans-Wentz' translations of the *Book of the Dead* with the help of the Kargyutpa monk Lama Kazi Dawa-Samdup.

The United States, which seems an obvious place for Tibetans to come, given its vast uninhabited areas in the Rocky Mountains and the increasingly hospitable religious climate, has a surprisingly small Tibetan colony, though a distinguished one.

The Dalai Lama's brother, Mr. Thubten Norbu, is one. Mr. Norbu was once the abbot of the famous monastery of Kumbum, which is located at the birthplace of the founder of the orthodox Gelugpa ("Yellow-Hat") sect.

But he is no longer a monk, having abandoned the vow of celibacy his sect enforces in order to marry. He teaches Tibetan at Indiana University in Bloomington and is a director of the Tibet Society which represents the Dalai Lama's government in exile.

It might be noted that, all hippie rumors that have the Dalai Lama living with the Hopis aside, the Dalai Lama's residence is still Swargashram, Upper Dharamsala, Kangra, Punjab, and he has never yet visited the U.S.

The only place in the U.S. where the traditional monastic life is maintained is the Buddhist Lamaist Monastery of America, which serves a colony of Mongolian refugees relocated out of Nazi concentration camps at the end of WW II. Some half dozen Mongolian monks reside there under Lama Geshe Wangyal and abbot Khenbo Khen Rinpoche, both Tibetans; also a small number of Americans. The abbot is a former lecturer at Tantric College, Lhasa.

Elsewhere Tibetan monks are too scattered to have a monastery. Mostly they work as researchers or teachers at universities, like Mr. Nornang, a former monk who violated his vow of non-violence to resist the Chinese, now teaching at the University of Washington.

The U. of W. Department of Tibetology hosts a very important figure in Tibetan religion, a claimant to the position of Dagchen of the monastery of Sakya. This constitutes leadership of the Sakyapa sect, one of the four principal divisions of Lamaism. Mr. Jigdal Sakyapa is the claimant (all claims thrown into a cocked hat now, of course) to the throne, which passes from uncle to nephew rather than father to son.

In the last fitful months of negotiations before the Chinese invasion the Dalai Lama appointed a new Dagchen, so there is also a refugee Dagchen living in India. Mr. Jigdal was in the US at the time, helping to set up the Department of Tibetology under a Rockefeller grant. Several members of the Sakya family have joined Mr. Jigdal, and with them the family tutor Dezhung Rinpoche, who is the only Sakyapa monk in the US: he works as a researcher at U. of W.

Since there are no Kargyutpas in the States, that leaves only one sect, the Nyingmapas ("Ancient Ones"). This is the sect that preserves the tradition Guru Rinpoche Padmasambhava, who introduced Buddhism to Tibet some 1200 years ago and is considered in Tibet to be the author of the *Book of the Dead*. Along with the Kargyutpas this is the sect that has interested Western students of religion most, because of the special meditation practices it follows, the many secret texts (tantras) not found in India which it has preserved, and many other uniquely Tibetan features.

There is only one Nyingmapa in America. He is Tarhang Trulku, formerly second in office at the monastery of Tarhang in East Tibet and research scholar at Sanskrit University, Benares. Alone among the monks so far mentioned he is neither practicing at a monastery nor teaching at a university. He is living in Berkeley with only a tourist visa, which stipulates that he can-

not work.

His mission here is a religious one. Some 50 unpublished scriptures of his own sect together with those of the Kargyutpas are with him, and he is searching about to find some way of preserving them. He has been giving some 40 pupils preparatory exercises for initiation into the *tantras*. And he has been trying to arrange for financial aid for some of his coreligionists in the form of a penpal relationship with Americans. The Stateside correspondent is a benefactor to his penpal in the amount of five to ten dollars a month. A surprising idea, but indicative of the Tibetans' plight (most live on \$8 a month to start with)—and the participants seem happy with it.

Tarhang Trulku has praise for the open-mindedness and friendliness of many of the young people he meets in the temple he has made out of the living room of a Berkeley house. The contrast with Telegraph Avenue, just a few blocks away, may seem great, but his explanation of it may stand for the view of Tibetans as a whole:

"I see many young people suffering from a lack of tradition. People need tradition, in order to avoid confusion.

"Tibetan Buddhists and especially we of the old tradition are often criticized for following the *tantras* and studying magic. These critics do not understand our heritage. There are occasions when you need magic, so we have kept it alive.

"Sometimes when reading our scriptures I have thought of the men who translated and preserved them. The translators went to unimaginable trouble to journey to India, then to find a teacher and be accepted by him. Then they had to study with him for years before they understood his teaching of the scripture and obtained his permission to take it back to Tibet.

"They endured all this trial and suffering because of their great faith in the Dharma. Now all these teachings—everything, even the secular culture of Tibet—may be lost in one generation. We have a hard time just to live. We have no money for monasteries or publishing.

"Many young people are rebelling against their cultural tradition. Cultural tradition may not be necessary and the rebellion may be needed, but tradition is a different thing in religion. It is the accumulation of experience."

For those who are interested, the address of the Lamaist Buddhist Monastery of America is R.R. 3, Box 140, Free-wood Acres, N.J. Tarhang Trulku may be reached through Joel Shefflin, 1822 A Hearst Street, Berkeley, Calif.

JIM BALL

Now the Action's At People's Pad

BERKELEY — A high-rise dormitory will rise up in place of People's Park—as soon as possible, if the University of California regents have their way. Meanwhile, the street people and students who built the park (which touched off violent police rioting and tear-gassing and shotgunning) have diverted their attention to creating a People's Pad in a large black neighborhood here.

The new plan is to renovate the old Savo Island Village (which is not on an island, but at the border of the black neighborhoods and the student-dominated South Campus) into housing for the crowds of people expected in Berkeley this summer. The Telegraph Avenue Summer Project, an organization of street people, merchants and clergymen that formed after the battle of People's Park, has arranged to rent the buildings for a nominal fee of one dollar from the current owner, the Berkeley Unified School District, for the two months of July and August.

The project was announced at a noon rally on June 26th addressed by Park Negotiating Committee regulars and FSM veteran Mario Savio, just emerged from a political retirement. A march to the site numbering about 1000 followed.

Comment followed speedily. Berkeley Police Chief Bruce Baker, who was in office during the People's Park warfare, approved the idea of the Pad. He said his reason was the expected influx, which was inevitable because "this is where the action is." The BUSD, renters of the complex, issued a statement scolding the "premature takeover" as "impulsive and thoughtless." The BUSD indicated that it expected the regulations of the American Youth Hostels to be in effect (men and women in separate quarters, all public laws and health regulations observed, each guest's stay to be limited), thus giving the lie to the name "pad."

Certain legal conditions remain before the lease is legal, such as arrangement of insurance. Berkeley City Councilman John DeBonis has challenged the legality of the whole project, on the grounds that it constitutes a "gift" from the School District, and is thus in violation of the State Constitution. The buildings are expected to be torn down this fall in any case to make way for an adult education center.

A week before the founding of the People's Pad the Regents' Committee on Grounds and Buildings had turned down two proposals from UC Chancellor Roger Heyns and President Charles Hitch for saving People's Park. The committee instead voted to build dormitories on the spot (originally planned but stymied months ago by a then lack of funds)—in its words, "as expeditiously as possible."

The UC Administration's first plan was to go ahead with existing plans to build dormitories there in 1971, leaving interim use undetermined, which would allow for a park. The alternate plan was for the regents to lease the land to the City of Berkeley until building began. Berkeley has agreed to support a park.

A last-ditch proposal the second day, to lease the area to the city for seven years, lost 18-6. Heyns was reported to have displayed an unusual, un-Chancellor-like anger at the Regents' meeting, saying, "This is no big deal. BART [a subway system] is already doing it [a People's Park Annex is located on unused BART land]. If you can't let the Chancellor do what another agency nearby is already doing, you are putting him in an utterly impossible position."

Regent Fred Dutton challenged the Regents' decision, charging them with "overkill." "This board offers repression and no solution," said Dutton. "The center keeps shrinking and we're the provocateurs."

But not the only provocateurs. The black community has raised the foreseeable complaint that they were not consulted about the renting of Savo Island, and the street people find themselves in the position of Columbia University: their disregard for the black community is backfiring. The prospect of numbers of middleclass white youths being housed free in Savo Island—from which some blacks were expelled months ago in view of the planned tearing down of the houses—was described by black community spokesmen as "a hard pill to swallow."



Big Joe: a voice that howls and screams

A Move to Curb Cambridge Rock

By DENNIS METRANO

CAMBRIDGE, Mass. — Berkeley's "People's Park" may come east this summer into the Boston-Cambridge community. The Cambridge Commons, the meeting grounds for Washington's rebellious troops in 1776, has for the past three years been host each Sunday to a free concert. As many as 8,000 persons—hips, street people, bikies, and straights—have been digging the events, featuring both national and local rock acts. Buddy Miles, Sweetwater, Pacific Gas and Electric, Sea Train, James Taylor (and brother Livingston), It's a Beautiful Day, the Carolyn Hester Coalition, the Youngbloods, and Wind in the Willows are some of the artists who've donated their time.

Now, suddenly, after more than 600 hours of concerts, all free of police or legal problems, the Cambridge City Council is threatening to ban the concerts, or at least move them out of Cambridge Commons.

This threat is prompted from outcries of public authorities. The veterans' groups are charging desecration of military monuments. The police, public servants, are pooped from the traffic jams (much smaller than those caused by the Harvard football crowd). Left with "tons of debris" to clean up, the Cambridge Park Department is very unhappy. And one city councilor was quoted, "We want to keep the City of Cambridge from going deaf."

Meanwhile, Robert Gordon, 29-year-old organizer of the Cambridge Commons concerts, is thinking ahead with determination. A former recreation coordinator for the city of Boston, he hopes to set up concerts on Boston's Fens, at the Hatch Memorial Shell on the Charles River, and on Roxbury's Fort Hill. He also wants to put together a Beacon Hill film festival, a summer fair, an art exposition, poetry readings, and "rap-ins."

Officials, however, seem to have other ideas for Gordon. Police arrested him in May on charges of violating park regulations, along with 26 others, for protesting the 10 P.M. curfew at the Boston Commons.

Artists Get a Bright Idea

SAN FRANCISCO—Light-show artists, who, along with dance/concert poster artists, are the unpaid wonders of the rock ballroom phenomenon, are about to take action to raise their status—and their pay. They're organizing a Light Artists' Guild here.

The man behind this latest drive to unite liquid artists is Glenn McKay, whose Headlights is Jefferson Airplane's regular light show. According to McKay, the Guild already includes 27 Bay Area light-show operations and will be filing official papers with the state Attorney General's offices within two weeks.

At that time, specific demands of members of the Guild will be spelled out. Generally, he said, the demands are for "more money, better working conditions, better publicity, and better billing."

McKay said that light show groups often get as little as \$100—for a five-man team working five hours each—"about the same as they were getting when the whole concert thing started three years ago." Ballrooms also hire new light shows at "audition" rates, he said, for as low as \$50.

The paltry pay doesn't go far. "Light show equipment doesn't last, like amps and instruments," McKay said, "and the projectors, screens, chemicals, oils, dyes, bulbs, slides—it all runs down or runs out fast."

Under Guild standards, light artists would be able to demand a minimum fee, scaled according to the size of the employer's operation. Beginning groups would have a lower base—an audition fee. "In short," McKay said, "we'd be judged and hired like the rock bands."

"Another basic reason for this," he said, "is my interest in getting light artists to start exchanging ideas, and eliminate the keeping of secrets on techniques. That's how the art form will really grow, and that's when we can gain recognition as artists rather than entertainers, as painters rather than wall decorators."

Working with McKay as spearheads of the Guild are former partner Jerry Abrams, who runs his own Headlights, and Ray Anderson of Holy See.

Big Joe Williams: Soul on His Face

.... goin' way down south
heaven knows....
comin' from Chicago
where I almost froze....

BY DON ROTH

AUSTIN, TEX.—A Saturday just before June, and the heat blisters the Texas flatlands with relentless intensity. First official day of summer, brown black and white kids make holes in green pool water, and older beards blow pot in park-side shade. Nighttimes, the Vulcan Gas Company, which is our local Fillmore—an old barn with vestigial heatpipes that never cough—grasps a human steam from sliding, squirming masses all yearning to be free in hard rock sounds and spastic walls.

We came in late on a jam between two local groups. The Georgetown Medical Band, a white wall of sound painted black, enclosing two spade refugees from the Mustangs—sax man, horn man—were getting it together very nicely. The light show flickered, and my mind wan-

dered round and through the sounds, digging the dancing chicks, comfortably encased in electronic womb. Then it stopped, sound and show, the cat with me said let's split, but I said no, there's more to be heard.

Georgetown Medical packed up quickly (the Mustangs having split earlier); they had hardly disappeared when the hip gremlins who run the Vulcan began their mystical putterings with the amps, a hardback chair, and a battered blues guitar. The teenagers had split, the dancing freaks gone too, but others of us sensed something special in that almost empty sound chamber. Perhaps from the way the gremlins moved, so silent, even reverent, handling old south-heat-rotted wood like crystallized mirrors. And that guitar. Mahogany shine scraped naked, tape all along its hindquarters, this was a beast with a history, with a name—a brother or sister to B.B.'s Lucille.

When he enters the room, we know that no Madison Avenue mass mind murderer made up this man's name. Big Joe Williams is big. Beautiful brown layers of flesh, moving with grace even cane-supported, Williams enters, sits, begins to play. And we know why our hip gremlins moved so lightly tonight. Why Georgetown packed up so fast. Why the light show stands frozen on the wall, a raving Johnny Winter captured forever in a pink viscous mindsmudge. Joe Williams is blues—and blues is no bullshit.

His music can't be captured in print. The slick sliding steelfinger sounds—his two tapping feet a drummer and a bass—a voice that howls and screams. Describe his soul then: interview him.

But his soul is on his face, voiceless without music. The wrinkled forehead of the Southern Black—too many decades of unspoken troubles carved above one's eyes. His mouth moves through all man's times, jumping from the wide grin that wants "no skinny women," to the twisted slit of a man who's left alone. His songs are short, driving, and end suddenly—like a climax, they leave you limp. But Joe revives before you do, the feet tapping first, and then man-guitar begins the climb again.

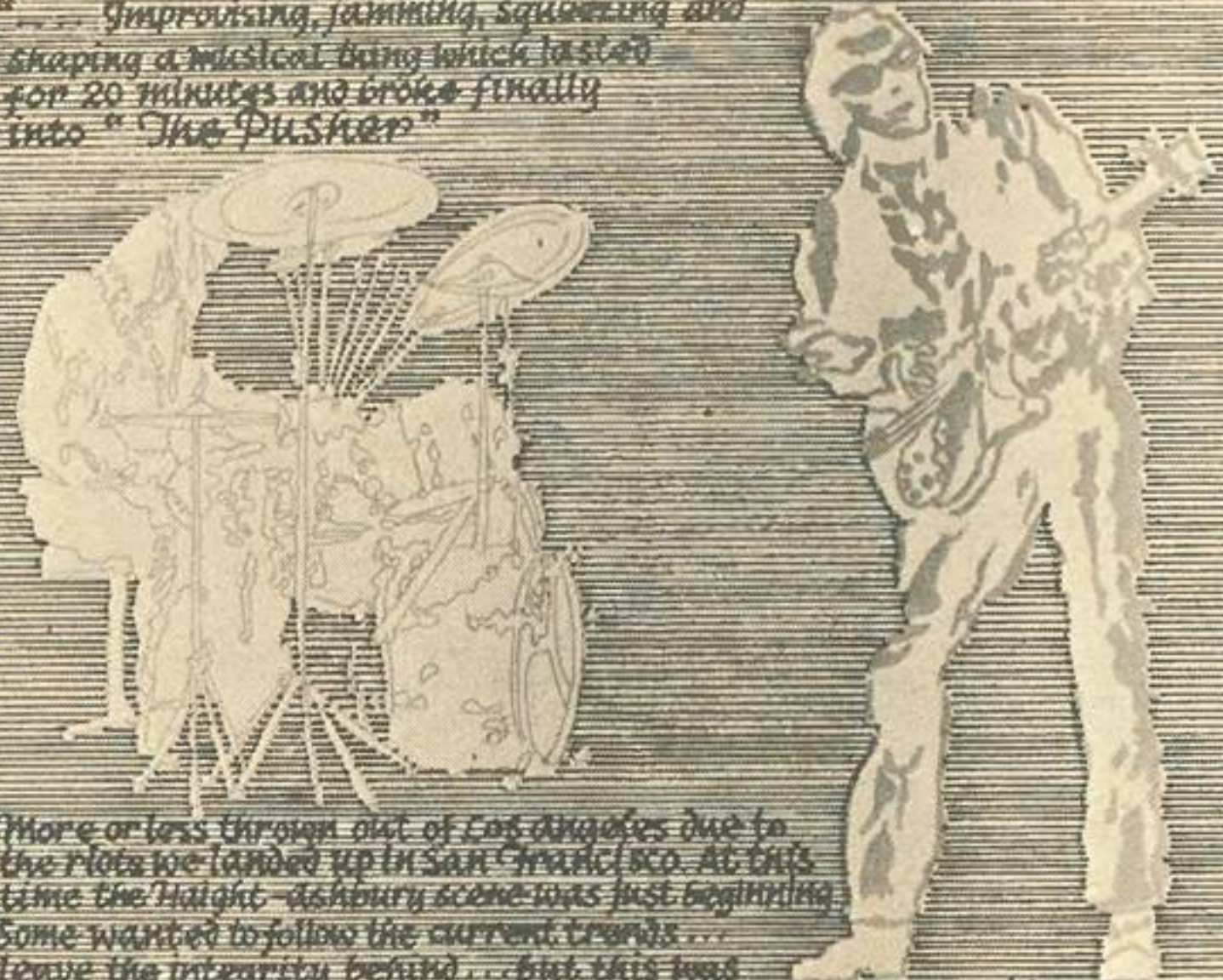
Joe Williams doesn't leave Texas much anymore. The man who taught Dylan blues in Greenwich Village stays way down south nowadays. This is not his choice. Rapping on a local station, Joe bitterly named all the cats he's influenced—not cutting them—while puzzled that he's just never made it. Puzzled why he sits sweating swearing the best blues in the world to an empty room. And you know something people, I'm puzzled too.

we're
new,
young
and
excitingly
lovely,
so...
**TAKE
US
IN
YOUR
FASHION***

Early STEPPENWOLF

RECORDED LIVE AT THE MATRIX IN SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 14, 1967

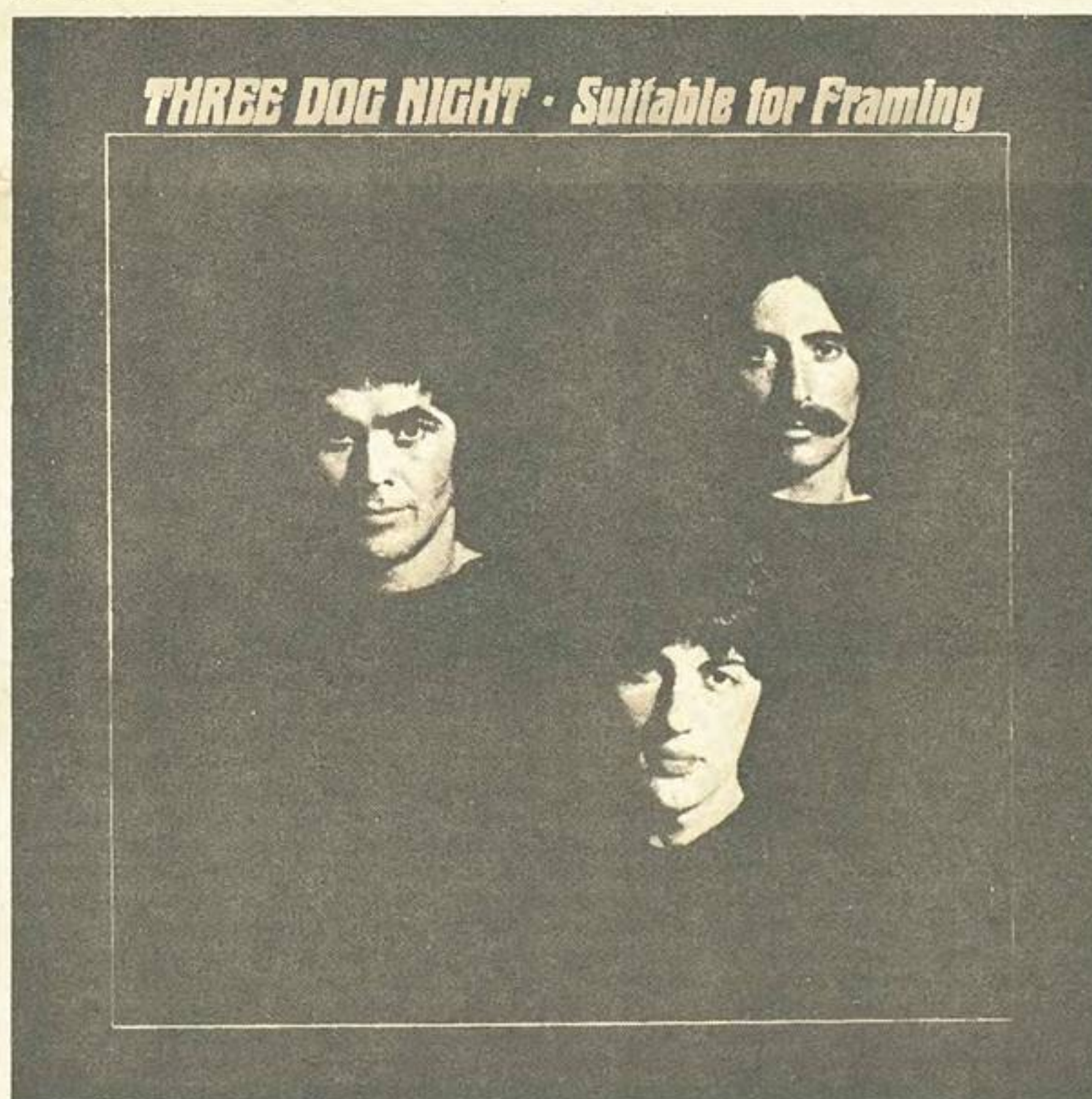
"... Improvising, jamming, squawking and shaping a musical bang which lasted for 20 minutes and broke finally into 'The Pusher'"



"More or less thrown out of Los Angeles due to the riots we landed up in San Francisco. At this time the Haight-Ashbury scene was just beginning. Some wanted to follow the current trends... leave the integrity behind... but this was not shared by the majority." — John Kay, *Reflections*

EARLY STEPPENWOLF—Recorded live at the MATRIX in San Francisco in May of 1967. THE COMPLETE 20 MINUTE UNABRIDGED VERSION OF "THE PUSHER" is performed. John Kay reflects on the Early Days of the Sparrow Era and the effect on shaping of new musical forms and expressions.

DS-50060



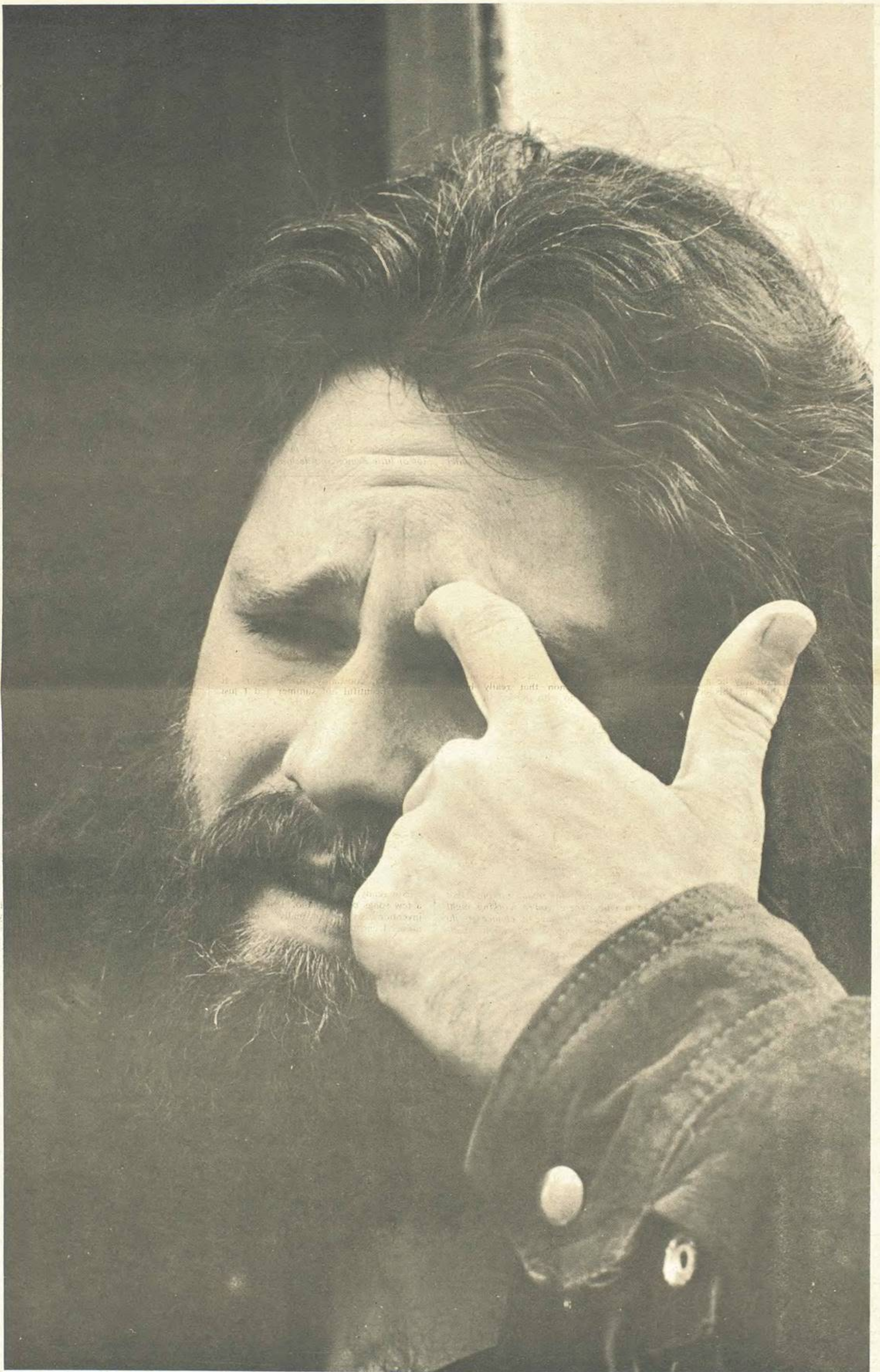
SUITABLE FOR FRAMING—THREE DOG NIGHT—The group of three lead singers building to the most talked about group in the world today—excitement and professionalism mixed with a sense of vocal creativity that has made them in a short space of time the Group's "GROUP."

DS-50058

*RECORD ALBUM, 4 AND 8 TRACK TAPE AS WELL AS CASSETTE

DUNHILL





THE ROLLING STONE INTERVIEW: JIM MORRISON

By Jerry Hopkins

Few performers have been so consistently controversial as James Douglas Morrison, the vocalist and songwriter of the Doors. And none has caused so many writers to construct so much gothic imagery in an effort to describe the mystique.

In the *Village Voice*, for instance, one chronicler said Morrison was the "first major male sex symbol since James Dean died and Marlon Brando got a paunch" and another called him at (different times) a "leather tiger," a "shaman-serpent king" and "America's Oedipal nightingale." In *Eye*, he was described as a "demonic vision out of a medieval Hellmouth" and the author of a book about the Doors called him "the Sex-Death, Acid-Evangelist of Rock, a sort of Hell's Angel of the groin." While the *Miami Herald* tagged him "The King of Orgasmic Rock," Joyce Haber dubbed him "the swinging Door" and prose-poet Liza Williams said he was a "baby bull-fighter" and "the ultimate Barbie doll."

If writers have been enaged in an inordinate amount of word-weaving, Morrison's public has gone farther, spinning and spreading outrageous tales as regularly as the Doors have churned out hits.

If you believed them all, Morrison was always drunk and/or stoned; both an angelic choirboy in an unfortunate setting and a satyr seeking a continuing debauch; boorish and inarticulate as well as polite, considered and shy; all the above and none of these. New stories—each wilder than the last—were told each week and over a period of two years Jim Morrison came to represent the perfect Super Star—someone far larger than his work or his life.

In truth, many of the extremes were based on more than fairytale. The week I interviewed him, for example, the Doors were being banned from performing in St. Louis and Honolulu because of exhibitionism and drunkenness charges filed against Morrison following a concert in Miami—yet, it was the same week that Morrison finished writing a screenplay with poet Michael McClure and signed a contract with Simon and Schuster for his own first book of poetry.

Another of the "weird scenes inside the goldmine" of the vocalist's life (the line is Morrison's, from "The End") occurred after one of the interview sessions, when we went out for drinks to a topless joint where Morrison is a frequent customer. There Morrison the psychedelic sex-god sat drinking boiler-

makers while young bosomy girls watus'd and pony'd to "Hello, I Love You" and "Love Me Two Times" and other of the several Doors hits. The scene, like so many in Morrison's drama, might have been captioned "What's wrong with this picture?"

Unlike the mythology, the music of the Doors remains a constant—a force which has not been so much an "influence" in rock, but a monument. "The music is your special friend," Morrison sang in "The Music's Over," and for millions, the music of the Doors is just that; just as the Beatles' Sgt. Pepper renders a generation weak with nostalgia, so does the Doors' "Light My Fire." At the group's peak, in 1967-68, there was also a strident urgency about Morrison's music. "We want the world and we want it now."

Morrison was somewhat reluctant to be interviewed by *ROLLING STONE* at first, believing the publication's coverage of the Miami concert and aftermath had made him seem a clown. Finally he changed his mind and in sessions that rambled over more than a week and several neighborhood drinking spots, he proved his manager Bill Siddons correct when Siddons said, "Jim used to have a lot of little demons inside him . . . but I

don't think he has so many any more." In other words, Morrison had mellowed, matured. Still he was playful—"this is really a strange way to make a living, isn't it?" he said one day—but he was also trying to get people to take him seriously. All poets wish to be taken seriously, but many also have acted in a style that would seem to contradict or destroy this wish.

The first session we met at the Doors' office (which is convenient to both the Elektra office and several topless clubs) and talked in a neighborhood bar called The Palms. The idea was to get some lunch with the beer, but the cook was out for the day so it was just beer—with a small group of regulars scattered along the bar buying each other rounds and telling noisy stories in the background, while we sat at a small table nearby. There was no perceptible notice paid Morrison when he entered and the full beard he had grown since Miami had little to do with it; he was a regular here, too.

When the tape recorder began sorting out Morrison's voice from others in the bar, we were talking about Oldies But Goodies, and how everyone (like the Beatles) seemed to be shouting to everyone else to get back.

It's country and blues, that's what it is. People have these new wells of information and ideas and that went pretty far and then it stopped. So now people are returning to this basic form of music. Obviously there'll be a new synthesis—probably in two or three years. It seems to run in cycles that long; that's the length of a generation now.

You mean a new synthesis between country and blues?

I don't know, man. That's what rock and roll was. I don't know. There're a lot of other new elements people have become aware of, like Indian music, eastern music, African music and electronic music. It'll probably be a pretty wild synthesis. I think in this country we keep returning to blues and country because they're our two indigenous musical forms. I think . . . you know what might happen? The great musical minds that in the past have gone classical might get into popular areas.

Don't you think there are some approaching this now? People like Van Dyke Parks and . . .

I haven't heard his stuff so I can't say. I haven't heard any of us involved in this mass music today . . . I don't think there are any minds as heavy as Bach's, for example. I don't think there are any real heavy minds at work today in the mass field. We're all pretty funky. We have beautiful qualities. But I don't think there's any great musical genius at work in the popular realm. There are great poets and lyricists and tunesmiths, but no grand concepts.

But, y'know, a lot of people like Mozart were prodigies; they were writing brilliant works at very young ages. That's probably what's going to happen: some brilliant kid will come along and be popular. I can see a lone artist with a lot of tapes and electrical . . . like an extension of the Moog synthesizer—a keyboard with the complexity and richness of a whole orchestra, y'know? There's somebody out there, working in a basement, just inventing a whole new musical form. We'll hear about it in a couple years. Whoever it is, though, I'd like him to be really popular, to play at large concerts, not just be on records—at Carnegie Hall, to play at dances . . .

If it can be danced to . . .

By dance I mean it wouldn't be a sitting-down-and-listening-to type show. With milling around, y'know?

Most of the gigs that you do now are sit-down type concerts, aren't they?

Yeh, but I always try to get them to stand up, to feel free to move around anywhere they want to. It's not to precipitate a chaos situation. It's . . . how can you stand the anchorage of a chair and be bombarded with all this intense rhythm and not want to express it physically in movement? I like people to be free, not chained. (Pause). We haven't played in a long time.

About three months—just about. Right?

Yeh. The next scheduled gig is in the bull ring in Mexico City. And while we're down there we're going to do a

UN benefit in one of Mexico City's big night clubs. So we'll cut through all levels of society, hopefully. Then after the Mexico City thing, we do Chicago, St. Louis and Minneapolis. In July. Then a thing at the Aquarius Theatre in L.A. which has been reserved for eight weeks by Elektra for the dark nights, Mondays. We might also be doing some surprise appearances at the Whisky. Unannounced . . . no billing . . . just show up and do a set every now and then.

You've been quoted often enough, saying you'd like to be back there.

I just remember that some of the best musical trips we ever took were in clubs. Concerts are great but it gets into a crowd phenomenon that really hasn't that much to do with music. In a club there's a different atmosphere. They can see you sweat and you can see them. And there's much less bullshit. In a concert situation, you can't really lose. You get that many people together and it doesn't matter so much what you do. In a club you have to turn people on musically. If it doesn't cut it, everyone knows it.

It's harder to bomb in concert?

Yeh, it's almost impossible, because just the sheer excitement of the event, the mass of people mingling together, generates a kind of electricity, and it has to do with music. It's exciting, but it's not music. It's mass hysteria.

I remember your telling me once that in a club, where you're working night after night, you have a chance to do some in-performance writing and creating which you don't have a chance to do in an occasional concert situation . . .

Right. Also, I just enjoy working. There's nothing more fun than to play music to an audience. You can improvise at rehearsals, but it's kind of a dead atmosphere. There's no audience feedback. There's no tension, really, because in a club with a small audience you're free to do anything. You still feel an obligation to be good, so you can't get completely loose; there are people watching. So there is this beautiful tension. There's freedom and at the same time an obligation to play well. I can put in a full day's work, go home and take a shower, change clothes, then play two or three sets at the Whisky, man, and I love it. The way an athlete loves to run, to keep in shape.

How did you start this . . . decide you were going to be a performer?

I think I had a suppressed desire to do something like this ever since I heard . . . y'see, the birth of rock and roll coincided with my adolescence, my coming into awareness. It was a real turn-on, although at the time I could never allow myself to rationally fantasize about ever doing it myself. I guess all that time I was unconsciously accumulating inclination and listening. So when it finally happened, my subconscious had prepared the whole thing.

I didn't think about it. It was just there. I never did any singing. I never even conceived it. I thought I was going to be a writer or a sociologist, maybe write plays. I never went to concerts—

one or two at most. I saw a few things on TV, but I'd never been a part of it all. But I heard in my head a whole concert situation, with a band and singing and an audience—a large audience. Those first five or six songs I wrote, I was just taking notes at a fantastic rock concert that was going on inside my head. And once I had written the songs, I had to sing them.

When was this?

About three years ago. I wasn't in a group or anything. I just got out of college and I went down to the beach. I wasn't doing much of anything. I was free for the first time. I had been going to school, constantly, for 15 years. It was a beautiful hot summer and I just started hearing songs. I think I still have the notebook with those songs written in it. This kind of mythic concert that I heard . . . I'd like to try and reproduce it sometime, either in actuality or on record. I'd like to reproduce what I heard on the beach that day.

Had you ever played any musical instrument?

When I was a kid I tried piano for a while, but I didn't have the discipline to keep up with it.

How long did you take piano?

Only a few months. I think I got to about the third grade book.

Any desire now to play an instrument?

Not really. I play maracas. I can play a few songs on the piano. Just my own inventions, so it's not really music; it's noise. I can play one song. But it's got only two changes in it, two chords, so it's pretty basic stuff. I would really like to be able to play guitar, but I don't have the feeling for it. (Pause). You play any?

No . . .

I read a book you did—*The Hippie Papers*. It had some nice articles in it. I've thought of writing for the underground press, because I don't know anywhere else you can have an idea one day and see it in print almost immediately. I'd like to write a column for underground newspapers. Just reporting things I see. Not fiction, but reporting. Just trying to get accurate reports on things I witness—around L.A. especially. I guess I'm afraid of wasting a lot of good ideas on journalism. If I kept them in my head long enough they might really turn into something. Although there've been some good people writing as journalists—Dickens, Doestoevsky . . . and of course Mailer is a contemporary journalist.

Mailer even turned out a novel, a chapter a month under deadline for *Esquire* . . .

And it's brilliant. *The American Dream*. Probably one of the best novels in the last decade.

It's interesting . . . a lot of good stuff is conceived specifically for newspapers and magazines, just as a lot of good music is conceived for records—all of which are disposable items, things which are available to just about anyone for very little money and later thrown away or traded in or gotten rid of pretty

quickly. It's making several art forms very temporary . . .

Yeh, I love that. Don't you? That's what I love about films—they're so perishable. One big atomic explosion and all the celluloid melts. There'd be no film. There's a beautiful scene in a book called *Only Lovers Left Alive*. Have you read it?

Yes, I have. Weren't the Stones supposed to do it as a film?

Yeh, a long time ago. If they'd have got together, they'd have really done a good thing. Anyway in this scene, this guy's making a foray in to enemy territory—the kids have inherited the earth; all the adults have committed suicide—and at night he stumbles into this abandoned building and he hears a strange noise. What it is is a gang of little kids between six and 12 years old, huddled around a dead television set, and one of them is imitating the television shows of old. I think that's beautiful. And that's why poetry appeals to me so much—because it's so eternal. As long as there are people, they can remember words and combinations of words. Nothing else can survive a holocaust, but poetry and songs. No one can remember an entire novel. No one can describe a film, a piece of sculpture, a painting. But so long as there are human beings, songs and poetry can continue.

When did you start writing poetry?

Oh, I think around the fifth or sixth grade I wrote a poem called "The Pony Express." That was the first I can remember. It was one of those ballad type poems. I never could get it together, though. I always wanted to write, but I always figured it'd be no good unless somehow the hand just took the pen and started moving without me really having anything to do with it. Like, automatic writing. But it just never happened. I wrote a few poems, of course.

Like, "Horse Latitudes" I wrote when I was in high school. I kept a lot of notebooks through high school and college and then when I left school for some dumb reason—maybe it was wise—I threw them all away. There's nothing I can think of I'd rather have in my possession right now than those two or three lost notebooks. I was thinking of being hypnotized or taking sodium pentathol to try to remember, because I wrote in those books night after night. But maybe if I'd never thrown them away, I'd never have written anything original—because they were mainly accumulations of things that I'd read or heard, like quotes from books. I think if I'd never gotten rid of them I'd never been free.

Do you have songs you like better than others?

I tell you the truth, I don't listen to the stuff much. There are songs I enjoy doing more in person than others. I like singing blues—these free, long blues trips where there's no specific beginning or end. It just gets into a groove and I can just keep making up things. And everybody's soloing. I like that kind of song rather than just a song. You know,

just starting on a blues and just seeing where it takes us.

Improvisational trips . . .

Yeh. We needed another song for this album. We were racking our brains trying to think what song. We were in the studio and so we started throwing out all these old songs. Blues trips. Rock classics. Finally we just started playing and we played for about an hour, and we went through the whole history of rock music—starting with blues, going through rock and roll, surf music, latin, the whole thing. I call it "Rock is Dead." I doubt if anybody'll ever hear it.

You were quoted recently as saying you thought rock was dead. Is this something you really believe?

It's like what we were talking about earlier in the movement back to the roots. The initial flash is over. The thing they call rock, what used to be called rock and roll—it got decadent. And then there was a rock revival sparked by the English. That went very far. It was articulate. Then it became self-conscious, which I think is the death of any moment. It became self-conscious, involuted and kind of incestuous. The energy is gone. There is no longer a belief.

I think that for any generation to assert itself as an aware human entity, it has to break with the past, so obviously the kids that are coming along next are not going to have much in common with what we feel. They're going to create their own unique sound. Things like wars and monetary cycles get involved, too. Rock and roll probably could be explained by . . . it was after the Korean War was ended . . . and there was a psychic purge. There seemed to be a need for an underground explosion, like an eruption. So maybe after the Vietnam War is over—it'll probably take a couple of years maybe; it's hard to say—but it's possible that the deaths will end in a couple of years and there will again be a need for a life force to express itself, to assert itself.

Do you feel you'll be a part of it?

Yeh, but I'll probably be doing something else by then. It's hard to say. Maybe I'll be a corporation executive . . .

Have you ever thought of yourself in that role—seriously?

I kinda like the image. Big office. Secretary . . .

How do you see yourself? Poet? Rock star? What?

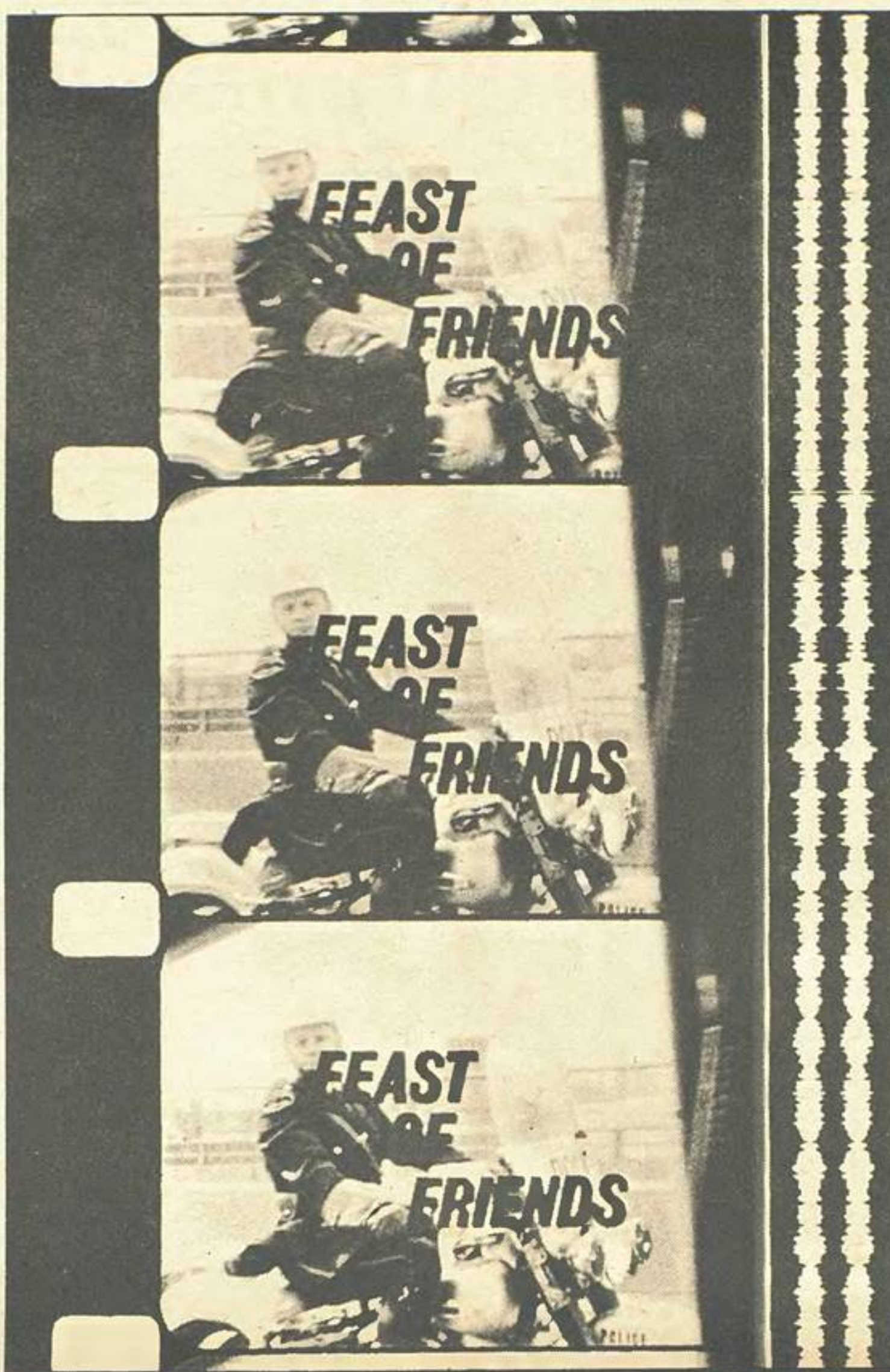
I don't get too much feedback except what I read. I like to read things that are written about it. That's the only time I get any kind of feedback on the whole thing. Living in L.A., it's no big deal. It's an anonymous city and I live an anonymous life. Our group never reached the mass phenomenon stage that some did, either; there never was the mass adulation. So it never really got to me much. I guess I see myself as a conscious artist plugging away from day to day, assimilating information. I'd like to get a theater going of my own. I'm very interested in that now. Although I still enjoy singing.

I have a feeling that many people in rock don't really have much or any respect for the form—in terms of their never copping to the fact they're rock singers or rock musicians. Instead, they always say they're really jazz musicians or cinematographers . . .

I know what you mean. Actually, I think most rock musicians and singers really do enjoy what they're doing. It'd be psychically unnerving to do it just for the bread. I think what screws it up is the surrounding bullshit that's laid on them by the press, the gossip columnists and fan magazines. A person who is a drummer or a singer or a guitar player enjoys what he is doing and then all of a sudden everyone's laying all this extraneous bullshit on his trip. So he starts to doubt his motivation. There's always a group that for whatever reasons—these are the adulators—they just jangle the sensibilities. So you feel a little sense of shame and frustration about what you are doing. It's too bad. It's really too bad. I wish I could be more specific, but I think you know what I mean.

Have you personally felt this coming down on you?

Yeh, I must admit that I have. Maybe it would be better not to read any criticism. Y'see, a lot of criticism—reviews, that kind of thing—is very helpful. It can really enrich your trip, give you good ideas. But you never know when you start reading something. It may



make you look like an idiot. Some of it is an enlightening, ennobling experience, and a lot of it is just . . . but you don't know when you start . . .

How do you react to the stuff that's been written about you?

For example, is there anything worse than a really bad photograph? A photograph can make any person look like a saint, an angel, a fool, a devil, a non-entity. A lot of it is chance and a lot of it is malice. And a lot of it is idolatry. A bad photograph can give you several moments of real psychic loss. You know that's not you but somebody has chosen to review you in that way.

I heard you were going to go to New York to campaign for Mailer.

Yeh, well, I suppose really the reason I didn't go was I . . . well, the reasons I would have gone are I was interested in the actual mechanics of political organization and also I think the man would be a good mayor. I think the thing that deterred me was that I'm not a resident of New York. Also I don't know if I'd even have been of any great use in the campaign. I'm sure they need all the help they can get, but I don't believe it would have helped anybody very much, my being there.

What do you mean by the mechanics of politics?

I don't know anything about it. You can read a lot and talk to a lot of people, but I think that unless you actually get in and see something in operation, you can't really comprehend what it's all about. But I'm not really any more interested in the mechanics of political operation than the space shot or microbiology or anything else. It's just one thing I know almost nothing about in a practical sense. I would have liked to have helped. I think, over the years, Mailer has come into a more increasingly complex and rich moral stand and I think he has a lot of imagination. I think as a long-time resident of New York, he is probably aware of the things they need. I like his idea of turning it into a city-state. It makes sense for each borough having its own mayor, because New York is a special place. It's more than just another city. It should have some sort of political independence.

A question you've been asked before, countless times: do you see yourself in a political role? I'm throwing a quote

of yours back at you, in which you described the Doors as "erotic politicians."

It was just that I've been aware of the national media while growing up. They were always around the house and so I started reading them. And so I became aware gradually, just by osmosis, of their style, their approach to reality. When I got into the music field, I was interested in securing kind of a place in that world, and so I was turning keys and I just knew instinctively how to do it. They look for catchy phrases and quotes they can use for captions, something to base an article on to give it an immediate response. It's the kind of term that does mean something, but it's impossible to explain. If I tried to explain what it means to me, it would lose all its force as a catchword.

Deliberate media manipulation, right? Two questions come to me. Why did you pick that phrase over others? And do you think it's pretty easy to manipulate the media?

I don't know if it's easy, because it can turn on you. But, well, that was just one reporter, y'see. I was just answering his question. Since then a lot of people have picked up on it—that phrase—and have made it pretty heavy, but actually I was just . . . I knew the guy would use it and I knew what the picture painted would be. I knew that a few key phrases are all anyone ever retains from an article. So I wanted a phrase that would stick in the mind.

I do think it's more difficult to manipulate TV and film than it is the press. The press has been easy for me in a way, because I am biased toward writing and I understand writing and the mind of writers; we are dealing with the same medium, the printed word. So that's been fairly easy. But television and films are much more difficult and I'm still learning. Each time I go on TV I get a little more relaxed and a little more able to communicate openly, and control it. It's an interesting process.

Does this explain your fascination with film?

I'm interested in film because to me it's the closest approximation in art that we have to the actual flow of consciousness, in both dreamlife and in the everyday perception of the world.

You're getting more involved in film all the time . . .

Yeh, but there's only one we've completed—*Feast of Friends*, which was made at the end of a spiritual, cultural renaissance that's just about over now. It was like what happened at the end of the plague in Europe that decimated half the population. People danced, they wore colorful clothing. It was a kind of incredible springtime. It'll happen again, but it's over and the film was made at the end of it.

Now we're working on a second film, a feature, which I don't think will have much commercial potential. I also am working on a screenplay with Michael McClure. Do you know Michael? It's called *The Adept* and it's based on one of Michael's unpublished novels. He types and we sit there with the novel out and just invent. It's a contemporary American story. It reminds me of *The Treasure of Sierra Madre*. It's about three cats in search of a psychic treasure . . . a young guy named Nicholas who lives in New York . . . a friend of his named Rourke who's a revolutionary turned neo-capitalist, and they both have long hair . . . they fly to Mexico and meet up with a black cat named Derner. They venture out on the desert to meet a half-breed border guard to make a score. I'm not going to reveal the entire plot. We're looking for a producer now.

Did you read that book of notes? [The Lords/Notes on Vision, recently published in an edition of 500 and next to be published by Simon & Shuster.]

I've read the other book, the poems . . .

Well, that kind of tells you my position about film. In fact, that's how that book started—as an essay on film. I wrote it when I was at UCLA.

Can you pull a few lines to illustrate what you mean?

No, I won't do that. You can pick whatever you want. As for my future involvement, I'd hate to think I'd stop having anything to do with music, but I think that in the future I'll tend more and more toward an exclusive film movement.

How much in Feast of Friends is you? Aside from what we see. The technical aspects . . . putting the film together . . . how much of that did you do?

In conception, it was a very small crew following us around for three or four months in a lot of concerts, culminating in the Hollywood Bowl (summer, 1968). Then the group went to Europe on a short tour and while we were there, Frank Lisciandro and Paul Ferrara, the editor and photographer, started hacking it together. We returned, we looked at the rough cut and showed it to people. No one liked it very much and a lot of people were ready to abandon the project. I was almost of that opinion, too. But Frank and Paul wanted a chance and so we let them. I worked with them in the refining of the editing and I made some good suggestions on the form it should take and after a few more . . . after paring down the material, I think we got an interesting film out of it.

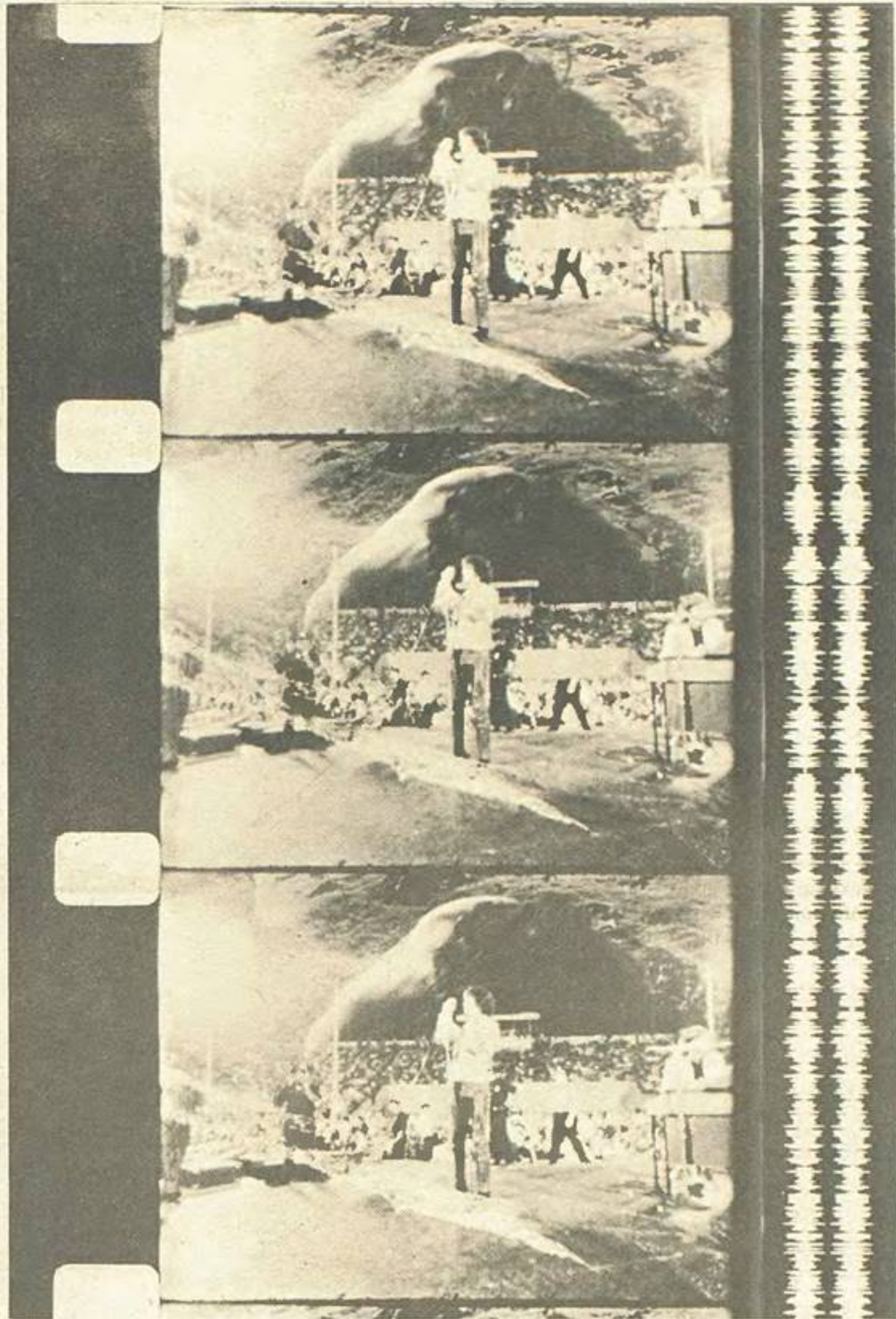
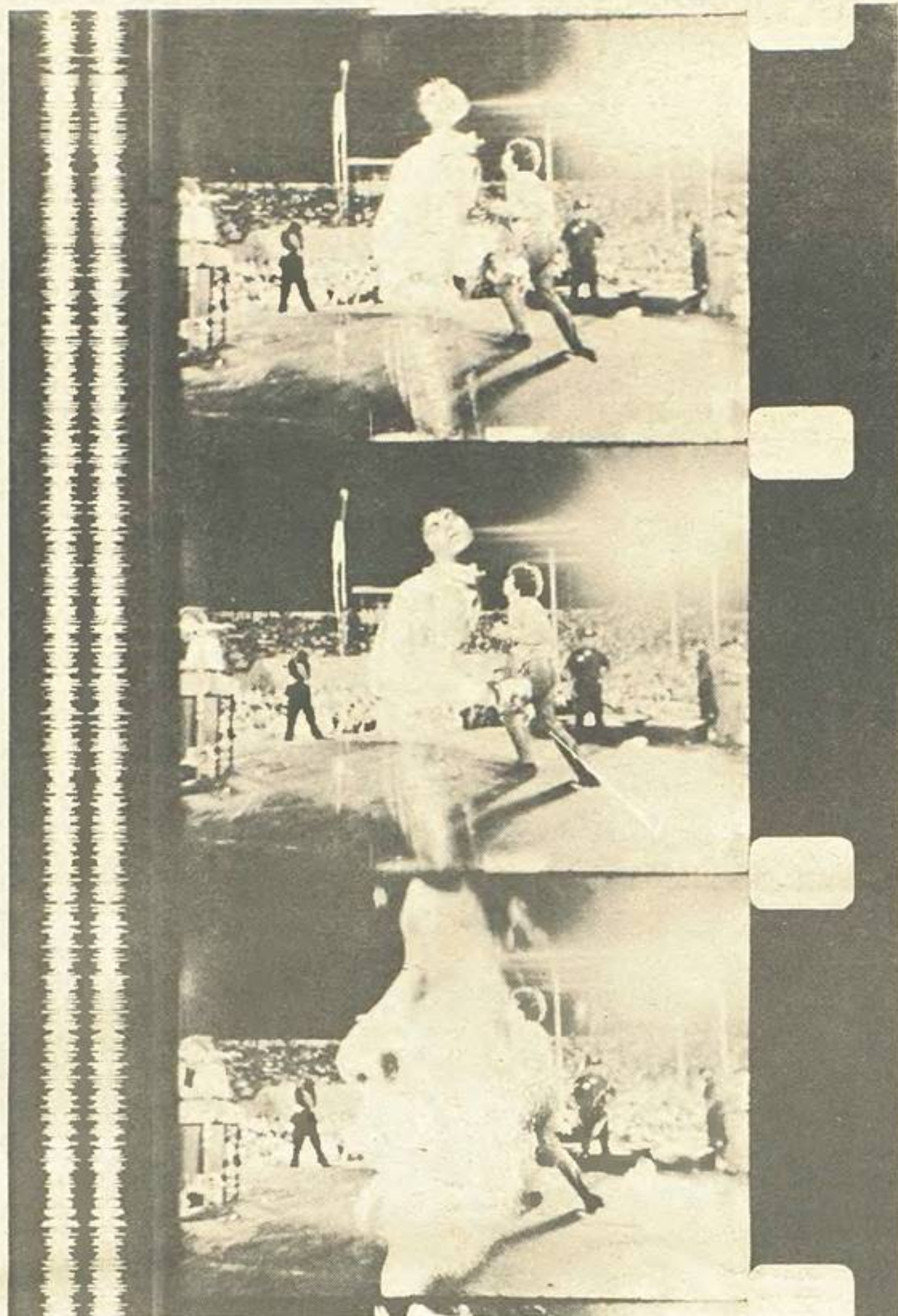
I'm glad we went through with it. I think it's a timeless film. I'm glad it exists. I want to look at it through the years from time to time and look back on what we were doing. Y'know, it's interesting . . . the first time I saw the film I was rather taken aback, because being on stage and one of the central figures in the film, I only saw it from my point of view. Then, to see a series of events that I thought I had some control over . . . to see it as it actually was . . . I suddenly realized in a way I was just a puppet of a lot of forces I only vaguely understood. It was kind of shocking.

What forces do you mean . . . without getting conspiratorial about it all, of course. (Laughter.)

Well, I guess all I mean was there was a lot more . . . a lot of the activity going on around me that I thought I understood . . . well, seeing the film I realized I was only aware of a very tiny section of reality, just one lonely little chink in the wall. There was a whole stadium out there.

I think of one part of the film, a performance sequence, in which you're flat on your back, still singing . . . which represents how theatrical you've gotten in your performance. How did this theatricality develop? Was it a conscious thing?

I think in a club, histrionics would be a little out-of-place, because the room is too small and it would be a little grotesque. In a large concert situation, I think it's just . . . necessary, because



it gets to be more than just a musical event. It turns into a little bit of a spectacle. And it's different every time. I don't think any one performance is like any other. I can't answer that very well. I'm not too conscious of what's happening. I don't like to be too objective about it. I like to let each thing happen—direct it a little consciously, maybe, but just kind of follow the vibrations I get in each particular circumstance. We don't plan theatrics. We hardly ever know which set we'll play.

You mentioned that there were certain songs you liked performing over others, those which allow you some room for improvisation. I assume you mean pieces like "The End" and "The Music's Over" . . .

Once they got on record, they became very ritualized and static. Those were kind of constantly changing free-form pieces but once we put them on record, they just kind of stopped. They were kind of at the height of their effect anyway, so it didn't really matter. No . . . I mean the kind of songs where the musicians just start jamming. It starts off with a rhythm and you don't know how it's going to end up or how long it's going to be or really what it's about, until it's over. That sort I enjoy best.

You were referring to instrumental improvisation rather than vocal . . .

No . . . both. I guess I'm referring to a blues thing. I get a rhythm, a river of sound rolling along and I can just completely relax and not worry about time or how it's going to begin or end or what I'm going to say. But not all people enjoy listening to that.

Is that how Celebration of the Lizard started?

I kind of constructed that out of pieces of things that I had. It wasn't really a natural development. It doesn't work because it wasn't created spontaneously. It was pieced together on different occasions out of already existing elements rather than having any generative core from which it grew. I still think there's hope for it. I just think that if we do it we should go back to the very free concept and start the whole thing over. We can play it in a half-hour version. I think we may still see that thing resurface. It doesn't really interest me that much, though. It was

never pushed through and I kind of lost interest in it.

When you're writing material, do you consciously differentiate between a poem, something for print . . . and a song lyric, something to be sung?

To me a song comes with the music, a sound or rhythm first, then I make up words as fast as I can just to hold on to the feel—until actually the music and the lyric come almost simultaneously. With a poem, there's not necessarily any music . . .

But usually a sense of rhythm, though . . .

Right. Right. A sense of rhythm and in that sense, a kind of music. But a song is more primitive. Usually has a rhyme and a basic meter, whereas a poem can go anywhere.

Well, who provides this musical line that you hear when you're writing? The band? Or is this something you hear inside your head?

Well, most songs I've written just came. I'm not a very prolific songwriter. Most of the songs I've written I wrote in the very beginning, about three years ago. I just had a period when I wrote a lot of songs.

In the first three albums, writer credit in every song goes to the Doors, as opposed to individuals. But I understand that in the next album individual writers will be listed. Why?

In the beginning, I wrote most of the songs, the words and music. On each successive album, Robbie contributed more songs. Until finally on this album it's almost split between us. We have a very different vision of reality, different points to make. So I felt it was time. We're a partnership, see? Artistically and financially. We share equally. In the beginning, a lot of it was in the interest of unity, to keep it together. Now that the unity's not that much in jeopardy, I thought it was time people knew who was saying what. So this will be the first album when we'll be giving writer credits and I think we'll just keep doing that.

How does your view of things differ from Robbie's? Is his more, say, romantic? Or . . . just what is it?

I'm not sure. You'll have to figure it out for yourself. I'm just not sure. Musically, as a guitar player, he is more complex—like, chord changes, beautiful

melodies and that—and my thing is more in a blues vein: long, rambling, basic and primitive. It's just the difference between any two poets is very great.

A lot of the songs in the beginning, me or Robbie would come in with a basic idea, words and melody. But then the whole arrangement and actual generation of the piece would happen night after night, day after day, either in rehearsal or in clubs. When we became a concert group, a record group, and when we were contracted to provide so many albums a year, so many singles every six months, that natural, spontaneous, generative process wasn't given a chance to happen as it had in the beginning. We actually had to create songs in the studio. What started to happen was Robbie or I would just come in with the song and the arrangement already completed in our minds instead of working it out slowly.

Do you think your work has suffered because of this?

Yeh. If we did nothing but record, it probably would be alright. But we do other things, too, so there's not the time to let things happen as they should. Our first album, which a lot of people like, has a certain unity of mood. It has an intensity about it, because it was the first album we'd recorded. And we did it in a couple of weeks. That's all it took to get it down. It came after almost a year of almost total performance, every night. We were really fresh and intense and together.

This was at Elektra of course. But you'd been signed to Columbia earlier. What happened there?

Well, it was just . . . in the beginning I'd written some songs and Ray and his brothers had a band, Rick and the Ravens, and they had a contract with World-Pacific. They'd tried to get a couple singles out and nothing happened. Well, they still had their contract to do a few more sides and we'd gotten together by then and so we went in and cut six sides in about three hours. At that time, Robbie wasn't with the group. But John was the drummer, Ray was on piano I was singing, and his two brothers . . . one brother played harp, one played guitar, and there was a girl bass player—I can't remember her name. So what we got was an acetate demo

and we had three copies pressed, right? I took them around everywhere I could possibly think of . . . going to the record companies. I hit most of them . . . just going in the door and telling the secretary what I wanted. Sometimes they'd say leave your number and sometimes they'd let you in to talk to someone else. The reception game. At Columbia they became interested. The first person anyone meets when they come to Columbia is the head of talent research and development. Actually, the first person is his secretary. They liked it. This was Billy James . . .

Yeh, and a girl named Joan Wilson was his secretary. She called me a few days later and said he'd like to talk to us. We got a contract with Columbia for six months, during which they were going to produce so many sides. Having that contract was kind of an incentive for us to stay together. It turned out that no one was interested in producing us at that time, though, so we asked to get out of the contract.

Before the six months had elapsed?

Yeh. We knew we were on to something and we didn't want to get held to some kind of contract at the last moment. By now we'd realized Columbia wasn't where it was at as far as we were concerned. It was kind of fortunate, really. We've had a good relationship with the company we're with now. They're good people to work with.

Well, how'd that come about . . . with Elektra?

Elektra at that time was very new to the rock field . . . They had Love, and early Butterfield stuff. But Butterfield was still into blues, into the folk bag. Love was their first rock group and actually represented their first singles potential. They had been mainly an album label. After they signed Love, the president of the company heard us play at the Whisky. I think he told me once he didn't like it. The second or third night . . . he kept coming back and finally everyone was convinced we'd be very successful. So he signed us up.

I've been told or I read somewhere that after the Columbia episode, you were somewhat reluctant to sign with anybody else.

I can't remember exactly. The people said that everyone in town was trying to sign us up, but it wasn't really true.

**'We have fun,
the kids have fun,
the cops have fun.
It's kind of
a weird triangle.'**



In fact, Jac Holzman's may have been the only concrete offer we had. We may have made him come up with the best deal possible, but there was no question but what we weren't that much in demand.

You said the first LP went easily . . .

Fast. We started almost immediately, and some of the songs took only a few takes. We'd do several takes just to make sure we couldn't do a better one. It's also true that on the first album they don't want to spend as much. The group doesn't either, because the groups pay for the production of an album. That's part of the advance against royalties. You don't get any royalties until you've paid the cost of the record album. So the group and the record company weren't taking a chance on the cost. So for economic reasons and just because we were ready, it went very fast.

Subsequent albums have been harder?

Harder and cost a lot more. But that's the natural thing. When we make a million dollars on each album and hit singles come from those albums, we can afford it. It's not always the best way, though.

Why haven't you done a live album?

Well . . . I really don't think it was time yet. We had other things to do. Because I have an idea that when we do this live album . . . I can't really see it in its entirety yet, but I would guess that a lot of the material would be old rock classics . . . and I mean really old rock classics, from the rock and roll era. Also old blues.

The "Great Balls of Fire"—"Rock Around the Clock" era?

Not particularly those tunes, but yeh. Also, blues. I don't think it was time to do that, until we'd shown we had a large fund of original material. I think it would have looked like we'd run out of original things to say. But now it would be like, doing it just because that's the stuff we want to make.

Are there particular artists you really dig from the early days?

It's like the way I feel about writers. There are so many that I couldn't really single out. Too numerous to mention. Really. I think we're an incredibly gifted country in pop music, incredibly rich.

Think of the people who in the last 10 to 20 years have come out of America. It's really going to be interesting to look back on blues and rock. It happened so fast. From a historical vantage point it probably will look like the troubadour period in France. I'm sure it will look incredibly romantic.

Well, look at us. We're incredible. I guess I mean people who ride motorcycles and have fast cars and interesting clothes, who are saying things, expressing themselves honestly. Young people. Yeh, it seems romantic to me. I'm pleased to be alive at this time. It's incredible. I think we're going to look very good to future people, because so many changes are taking place and we're really handling it with a flair.

I'm hesitant to bring it up, because so bloody much has been made of it, and I guess I want your reaction to that as well as the truth of the matter . . . the Oedipus section of "The End." Just what does this song mean to you?

Let's see . . . Oedipus is a Greek myth. Sophocles wrote about it. I don't know who before that. It's about a man who inadvertently killed his father and married his mother. Yeh, I'd say there was a similarity, definitely. But to tell you the truth, every time I hear that song, it means something else to me. I really don't know what I was trying to say. It just started out as a simple good-bye song.

Goodbye to whom, or to what?

Probably just to a girl, but I could see how it could be goodbye to a kind of childhood. I really don't know. I think it's sufficiently complex and universal in its imagery that it could be almost anything you want it to be.

I don't care what critics write about it, or anything like that, but one thing that disturbed me . . . I went to a movie one night in Westwood and I was in a bookstore or some shop where they sell pottery and calendars and gadgets, y'know . . . and a very attractive, intelligent—intelligent in the sense of aware and open—girl thought she recognized me and she came to say hello. And she was asking me about that particular song. She was just out for a little stroll with a nurse. She was on leave,

just for an hour or so, from the UCLA Neuropsychiatric Institute. She lived there and was just out for a walk. Apparently she had been a student at UCLA and freaked on heavy drugs or something and either committed herself or someone picked up on her and put her there. Anyway, she said that that song was really a favorite of a lot of kids in her ward. At first I thought: Oh, man . . . and this was after I talked with her for a while, saying it could mean a lot of things, kind of a maze or a puzzle to think about, everybody should relate it to their own situation. I didn't realize people took songs so seriously and it made me wonder whether I ought to consider the consequences. That's kind of ridiculous, because I do it myself; you don't think of the consequences and you can't.

Does this lyric relate to your family in any way?

I don't want to talk about it. I don't want to involve anyone unless they want it.

On your early biographies, it says your parents are dead—yet your family is really very much alive. Why the early story?

I just didn't want to involve them. It's easy enough to find out personal details if you really want them. When we're born we're all footprinted and so on. I guess I said my parents were dead as some kind of joke. I have a brother, too, but I haven't seen him in about a year. I don't see any of them. This is the most I've ever said about this.

Getting back to your film, then, there's some of the most incredible footage I've ever seen of an audience rushing a performer. What do you think in situations like that?

It's just a lot of fun. [Laughter]. It actually looks a lot more exciting than it really is. Film compresses everything. It packs a lot of energy into a small . . . any time you put a form on reality, it's going to look more intense. Truthfully, a lot of times it was very exciting, a lot of fun. I enjoy it or I wouldn't do it.

You said the other day that you like to get people up out of their seats, but not intentionally create a chaos situa-

tion . . .

It's never gotten out of control, actually. It's pretty playful, really. We have fun, the kids have fun, the cops have fun. It's kind of a weird triangle. We just think about going out to play good music. Sometimes I'll extend myself and work people up a little bit, but usually we're out there trying to make good music and that's it. Each time it's different. There are varying degrees of fever in the auditorium waiting for you. So you go out on stage and you're met with this rush of energy potential. You never know what it's going to be.

What do you mean you'll sometimes extend yourself . . . work the people up a bit?

Let's just say I was testing the bounds of reality. I was curious to see what would happen. That's all it was: just curiosity.

What did you do to test the bounds?

Just push a situation as far as it'll go.

And yet you don't feel at any time that things got out of control?

Never.

Even in your film . . . when it shows cops throwing kids back off the stage as fast as they're diving onto it? That doesn't represent some loss of control?

You have to look at it logically. If there were no cops there, would anybody try to get on stage? Because what are they going to do when they get there? When they get on stage, they're just very peaceful. They're not going to do anything. The only incentive to charge the stage is because there's a barrier. If there was no barrier, there'd be no incentive. That's the whole thing. I firmly believe that. No incentive, no charge. Action-reaction. Think of the free concerts in the parks. No action, no reaction. No stimulus, no response. It's interesting though, because the kids get a chance to test the cops. You see cops today, walking around with their guns and uniforms and the cop is setting himself up like the toughest man on the block, and everyone's curious about exactly what would happen if you challenged him. What's he going to do? I think it's a good thing, because it gives the kids a chance to test authority.

—Continued on Page 22

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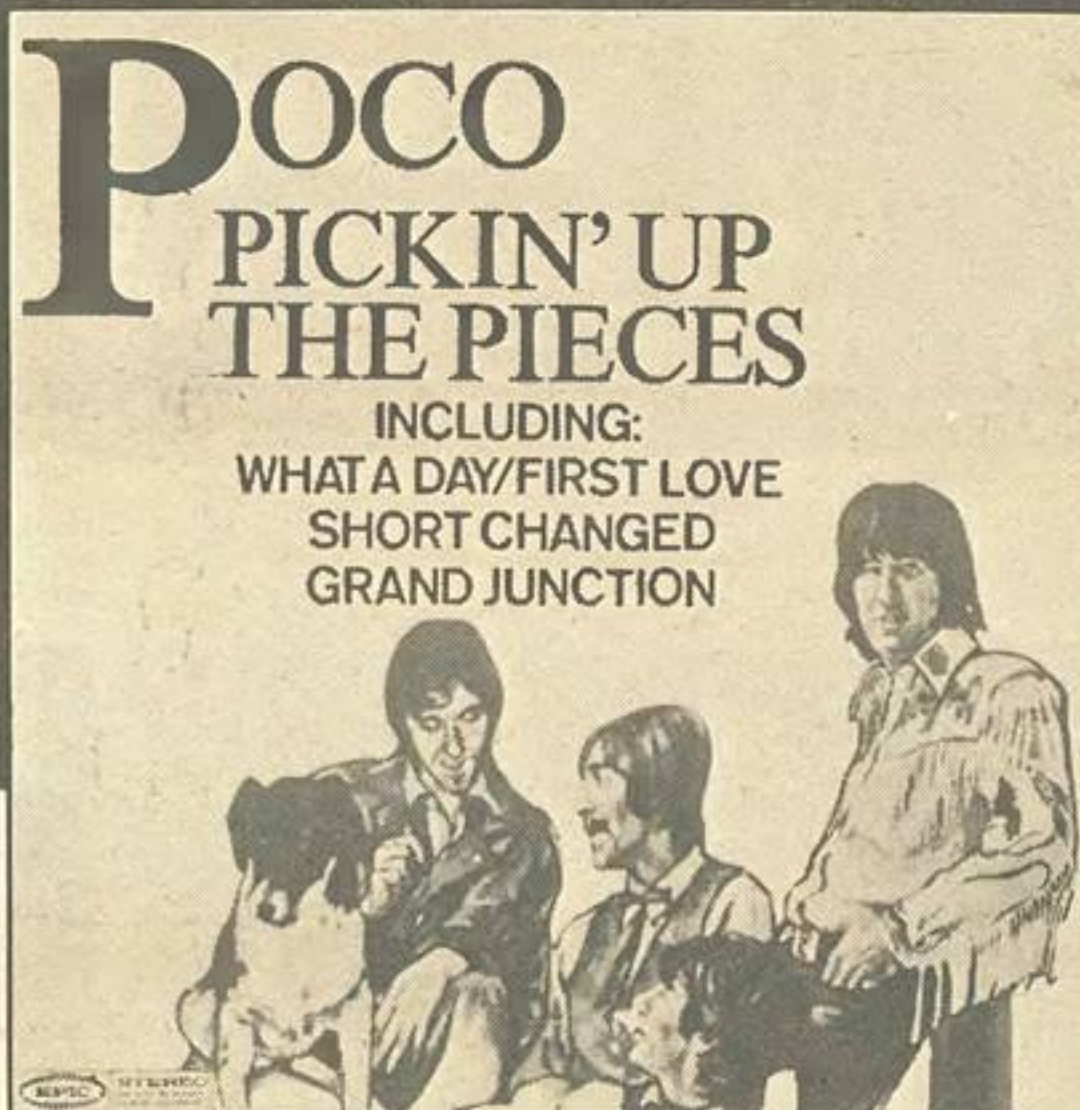
This is an ad for a West Coast phenomenon called Poco. And it's tough to write.

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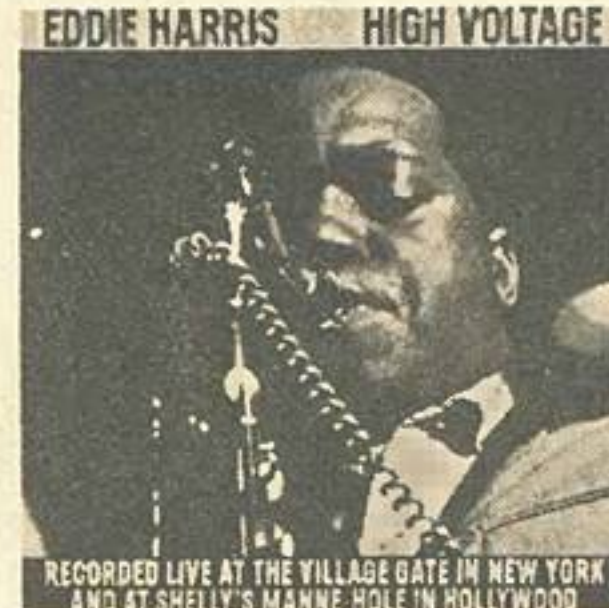
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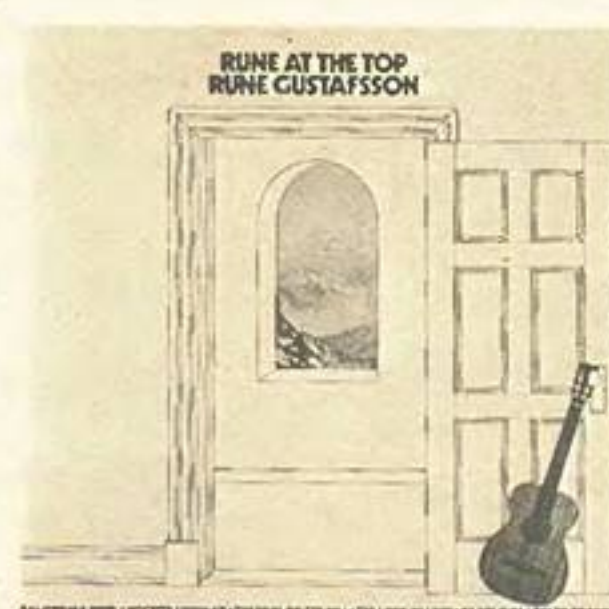
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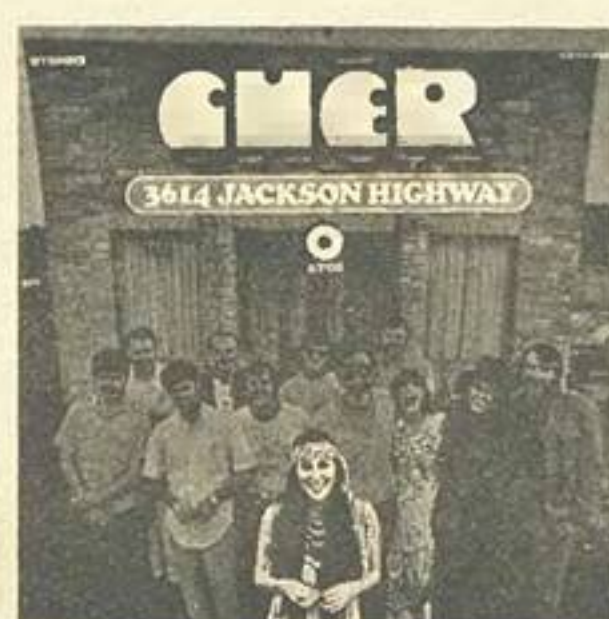
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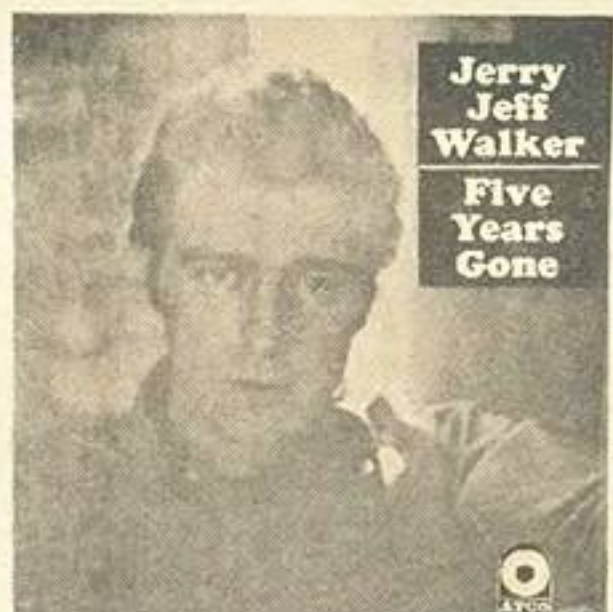
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d 8-Track Stereo Tape



There are a number of cities where . . . like, you were busted for obscenity in New Haven. In Phoenix it was something else . . .

It would say in most cases the only time we get into trouble is, like, if a person is just walking down a busy street and for no reason at all just took their clothes off and kept on walking . . . you can do anything as long as it's in tune with the forces of the universe, nature, society, whatever. If it's in tune, if it's working, you can do anything. If for some reason you're on a different track from other people you're around, it's going to jangle everybody's sensibilities. And they're either going to walk away or put you down for it. So it's just a case of getting too far out for them, or everybody's on a different trip that night and nothing comes together. As long as everything's connecting and coming together, you can get away with murder.

Look at war. Look at it this way. Suppose there's a patrol of guys, guerrillas, the guys they drop behind the lines in Vietnam, right? They're trained killers. Their whole function is to kill. Well, what if one guy in the squad that night just dug killing too much? So much that even they couldn't handle it. He just dug killing with such relish, the other guys would say, "Hey, we all dig killing, but that's going too far." I think that character has been examined in books and movies several times. There are some guys who are great killers, but they get court martialed because they go beyond the grounds their fellow killers can tolerate. Anyway . . . that's just a metaphor for what I was trying to say: it's just a matter of timing.

How do the Green Beret types in Vietnam relate to the Doors in concerts?

It's just you give people what they want or what they think they want and they'll let you do anything. But if you go too fast for them and pull an unexpected move, you confuse them. When they go to a musical event, a concert, a play or whatever, they want to be turned on, to feel like they've been on a trip, something out of the ordinary. But instead of making them feel like they're on a trip, that they're all together, if instead you hold a mirror up and show them what they're really like, what they really want, and show them that they're alone instead of all together, they're revolted and confused. And they'll act that way.

The only reason the police, the authorities, are there in a town is to keep order, to keep the status quo . . . which means securing their position of power, letting the people get away with anything they want so long as it doesn't create chaos. I'm sure authorities wouldn't care what when on down there or out there if the people themselves didn't start

getting confused. So I would say in those cases it's just the authorities sensing some breach of the existing order has been made.

There is a quote attributed to you. It appears in print a lot. It goes: "I'm interested in anything about revolt, disorder, chaos . . ."

" . . . especially activity that appears to have no meaning."

Right. That one. Is this another example of media manipulation? Did you make that one up for a newspaper guy?

Yes, definitely. But it's true, too. Who isn't fascinated with chaos? More than that, though, I am interested in activity that has no meaning, and all I mean by that is free activity. Play. Activity that has nothing in it except just what it is. No repercussions. No motivation. Free . . . activity. I think there should be a national carnival, much the same as Mardi Gras in Rio. There should be a week of national hilarity . . . a cessation of all work, all business, all discrimination, all authority. A week of total freedom. That'd be a start. Of course, the power structure wouldn't really alter. But someone off the streets—I don't know how they'd pick him, at random perhaps—would become president. Someone else would become vice president. Others would be senators, congressmen, on the supreme court, policemen. It would just last for a week and then go back to the way it was. I think we need it. Yeh. Something like that.

This may be insulting, but I have the feeling I'm being put on . . .

A little bit. But I don't know. People would have to be real for a week. And it might help the rest of the year. There would have to be some form or ritual to it. I think something like that is really needed.

There are a few words that recur in your dialog. One is the word "ritual." What's that mean to you?

It's kind of like human sculpture. In

a way it's like art, because it gives form to energy and in a way it's a custom or a repetition, an habitually recurring plan or pageant that has meaning. It pervades everything. It's like a game.

Is there a ritual or a sense of game about what you and/or the Doors as a group do?

Yeh, it's a ritual in the sense that we use the same props and the same people and the same forms time after time after time. Music is definitely a ritual. But I don't think this is really clarifying ritual or adding anything to it.

You said that you think Norman Mailer has come to an increasingly more complex and moral stand. What did you mean?

Stance might be a better word. Stance. It's just that I've read his things since I was in high school. He's gone through a lot of changes, and he's a very astute political observer, obviously. I think the man wants to be President. One thing I said one time: the logical extension of the ego is God. And I think the logical extension of living in America is to be President.

More than being a contemporary Babe Ruth or a contemporary John Wayne?

I'm sure John Wayne will seek political office. And if Babe Ruth were alive, he'd probably run for something. It's a democracy and no one believes in leaders, see, yet there are leaders. There is a political network and somehow the logical extension of being a alive in a democratic community is to be a leader. I think the President is someone who can suggest a complete living organism to the majority of the people. It's usually someone over the age of forty who's been through common human experiences—wife, kids, war, creativity, inner communication, political relationships, friendships.

Which you think Mailer represents?

He's an anarchist, he's a communist, he's a capitalist. He's a husband, a fa-

ther, a lover, a conservative, a politician, a hero, a writer, an intellect. He's hit more bases than anybody I can think of who's running.

How has this given him a sense of morality?

Well, he's concerned with morality. He once said that it's a man's actions, not his sentiments, that make history. And he's not only been a man in the artistic and spiritual realm, but he's also got in there and acted what he believes. He also has another phrase. It's always stuck with him. He said something is something is like pouring sand in the crankcase just to see what kind of sound it will make. In a way that's why I would support the man for this position. He might not agree that that's what he wants to do, but I'd just like to hear him in the crankcase just because I would like to see what kind of sound he would make.

I'm groping for your definition of morality.

I'd rather give you my definition of politics, which is really not well thought out, but it's as far as I've got, so far. To me, politics is nothing more than the search of certain individuals for private power. They can cloak it in any ideology and any romantic, philosophical bullshit terms they want, but it's essentially a private search for power. I think your politics, your religion, your philosophy are not so much what you smoke, what you drink, what you wear . . . your hair, your face, what you've done. Your religion or your politics is what you devote the majority of your time to. Nothing more, nothing less. It's outbursts of achievement. I don't think it matters whether you're a communist, anarchist, capitalist. It doesn't matter.

You mentioned religion in passing and I've noticed you often wear a cross. Are you a Catholic?

Religion is like philosophy, what you devote most of your time to. It might be a woman. It might be a drug. It might be alcohol. It might be money. It might be literature. I think religion is what you think about and work at the most. I'm kind of hooked to the game of art and literature. As I told you before, my heroes are artists and writers.

And the cross you wore was . . .

Almost an accident, really. I was raised in a Christian culture and the cross is one of its symbols, that's all.

Do you see yourself going more toward print?

That's my greatest hope. That's always been my dream.

Who turned you on to poetry?

I guess it was whoever taught me to speak, to talk. Really. I guess it was the first time I learned to talk. Up until the advent of language, it was touch—non-verbal communication.

Joni Mitchell Finally Comes Across

After 10 these 14 months—it has happened.

On our part, it's taken blood, sweat, tears, and greed.

Coaxing and cajoling.

Even—yes—chicanery.

But the blonde lady who only recently was subject of a Reprise ad headlined "Joni Mitchell Takes Forever" has finally, at long last, come across. With ten new songs technically catalogued in our album inventory as *Clouds* (RS 6341). But referred to by Music Lovers Everywhere as



THE NEW JONI MITCHELL

To be foursquare, however, it's not as though Joni has been unfruitful, like just lolling about in Laurel Canyon (where she only sometimes lolls). She has been busy. Being the pleasant surprise of last January's Miami Pop Festival. Singing her story of "Nathan La Franeer" from Los Angeles to Montreal. Smiling tearfully through a standing ovation at Carnegie Hall. Making a rare television ap-

pearance on the first Johnny Cash show. Giving the following quote to *Time* magazine for its April 4 issue:

"If you are sad, then you should feel sad. The French are good at that. They show what they feel and in that way purge themselves of it. My next album will be even sadder. It gets into the pain of the heart."

Ahh, the perfect lead-in to the subject at hand: RS 6341. And its content.

Over the past 14 months, Joni has, between concerts and lolls, managed to make new songs. Many are included in RS 6341, viz "The Gallery," "That Song About the Midway," and "Roses Blue." Plus some of the Joni Mitchells Everyone Knows, like "Chelsea Morning" and "Both Sides, Now." In addition, each and every lyric is printed in its entirety on the inside of a glorious full-color jacket.

And now, they are public. If we had any sense, we'd leave it at that, and end this ad right here.

BUT ONE MORE THING

Joni painted her own portrait for the cover of the album. It's pretty. If you'd like to have a copy to hang where you hang things, a copy without the words on it, just fill out the coupon and get it to us with a quarter. Joni will be with you shortly.

Joni Mitchell's Pretty Picture
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Here's a quarter for that self-portrait, printed lovingly on expensive paper with no words on it.

(This offer expires sometime later this year.)

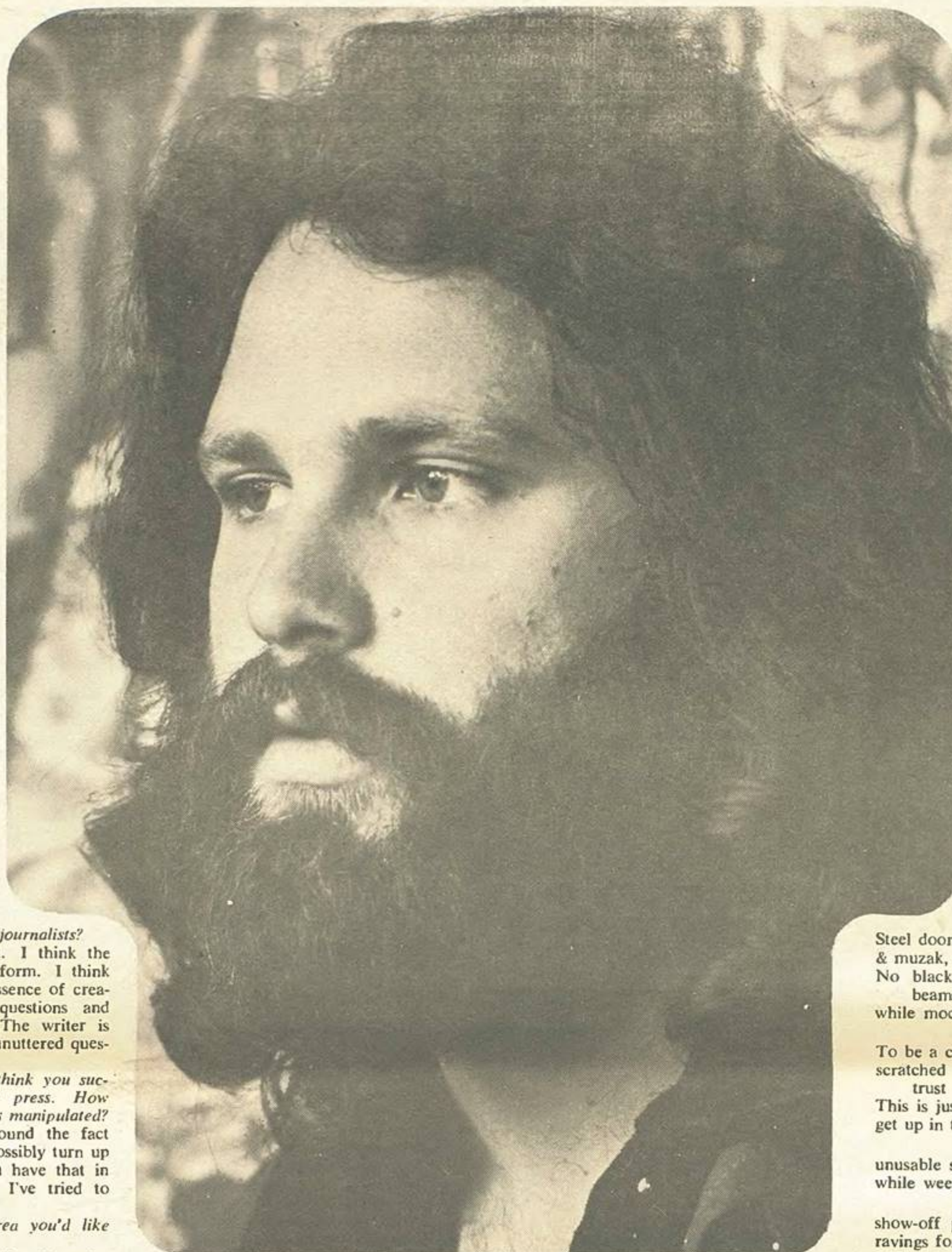
CONCLUDING PITCH

Just in case you've been in total seclusion for the last year, *Clouds* is Joni's second album. Her first (known to accounting as RS 6293) is called *Joni Mitchell*. Pick up either of them. It might make Joni Mitchell come down from Laurel Canyon with her third album. But don't count on it.

Joni Mitchell Records For



Reprise Albums & Tapes.
Which Is Where She Belongs.



What do you think of journalists?

I could be a journalist. I think the interview is the new art form. I think the self-interview is the essence of creativity. Asking yourself questions and trying to find answers. The writer is just answering a series of unuttered questions.

You've twice said you think you successfully manipulated the press. How much of this interview was manipulated?

You can't ever get around the fact that what you say could possibly turn up in print sometime, so you have that in the back of your mind. I've tried to forget it.

Is there some other area you'd like to get into?

How about . . . feel like discussing alcohol? Just a short dialog. No long rap. Alcohol as opposed to drugs?

Okay. Part of the mythology has you playing the role of a heavy juicer.

On a very basic level, I love drinking. But I can't see drinking just milk or water or Coca Cola. It just ruins it for me. You have to have wine or beer to complete a meal. [Long pause].

That's all you want to say? [Laughter]
Getting drunk . . . you're in complete control up to a point. It's your choice, every time you take a sip. You have a lot of small choices. It's like . . . I guess it's the difference between suicide and slow capitulation . . .

What's that mean?

I don't know, man. Let's go next door and get a drink.

Do you know the warm progress under the stars?

*Do you know we exist?
Have you forgotten the keys to the kingdom?*

*Have you been borne yet
& are you alive?*

*Do you know we are being led to
slaughters by placid admirals
& that fat slow generals are getting
obscene on young blood*

*Do you know we are ruled by TV
The moon is a dry blood beast
Guerrilla bands are rolling numbers
in the next block of green vine
amassing for warfare on innocent
herdsmen
who are just dying*

*O great creator of being
grant us one more hour to
perform our art
& perfect our lives*

*The moths & atheists are doubly divine
& dying*

We live, we die
& death not ends it
Journey we more into the
nightmare
cling to life
our passion'd flower
cling to cunts & cocks
of despair
we got our final vision
by clap
Columbus' groin got
filled w/green death

(I touched her thigh,
& death smiled)

We have assembled inside this ancient
& insane theatre
To propagate our lust for life
& flee the swarming wisdom
of the streets.
The barns are stormed
The windows kept
& only one of all the rest
To dance & save us
w/the divine mockery
of words
Music inflames temperament

(When the true king's murderers
are allowed to roam free
a 1000 Magicians arise
in the land)

Where are the feasts
we were promised
Where is the wine
The New Wine
(dying on the vine)

resident mockery
give us an hour for magic
We of the purple glove
We of the starling flight
& velvet hour
We of arabic pleasure's breed
We of sundome & the night

Give us a creed
To believe
A night of Lust
Give us trust in
The Night

Give of color
hundred hues
a rich mandala
for me & you

& for your silky
pillowed house
a head, wisdom
& a bed

Troubled decree
Resident mockery
has claimed Thee

We used to believe
in the good old days
We still receive
In little ways

The Things of Kindness
& unsporting brow
Forget & allow

Did you know freedom exists
in a school book
Did you know madmen are
running our prison
w/in a jail, w/in a gaol
w/in a white free protestant
maelstrom

We're perched headlong
on the edge of boredom
We're reaching for death
on the end of a candle
We're trying for something
That's already found us

We can invent kingdoms of our own
grand purple thrones, those chairs of
lust
& love we must, in beds of rust

Steel doors lock in prisoner's screams
& muzak, AM, rocks their dreams
No black men's pride to hoist the
beams
while mocking angels sift what seems

To be a collage of magazine dust
scratched on foreheads of walls of
trust
This is just jail for those who must
get up in the morning & fight for such

unusable standards
while weeping maidens

show-off penury & pout
ravings for a mad
staff

Wow, I'm sick of doubt
Live in the light of certain
South

Cruel bindings
The servants have the power
dog-men & their mean women
pulling poor blankets over
our sailors
(& where were you in our
lean hour)
Milking your moustache?
or grinding a flower?
I'm sick of dour faces
Staring at me from the TV
Tower. I want roses in
my gardenbower; dig?
Royal babies, rubies
must now replace aborted
strangers in the mud
These mutants, blood-meal
for the plant that's plowed

They are waiting to take us into
the severed garden
Do you know how pale & wanton
thrill full
comes death on a strange hour
unannounced, unplanned for
like a scaring over-friendly guest
you've brought to bed
Death makes angels of us all
& gives us wings
Where we had shoulders
smooth as raven's claws
No more money, no more fancy dress
This other kingdom seems by far the
best
Until its other jaw reveals incest
& loose obedience to a vegetable law

I will not go
Prefer a Feast of Friends
To the Giant family
—(c) 1969 James Douglas Morrison

JULY 50c

new york Scenes

The Sex Newspapers: High Profit in Porn



TRUE DOPE — A SMOKER'S GUIDE
CONFESSIONS OF A COMPANY FREAK
FURNISHING OFF THE STREET

'An honest little magazine about dope and sex and New York City,' is what the sign says on the bulletin board of our office. At least that's what New York Scenes looks like in its new format and its new approach.

In this month's issue is a long report on the men and women who masterminded one of the minor publishing coups of the past two years, the New York sex newspapers—*Screw*, *Pleasure*, *Kiss*, *New York Review of Sex* — the 50c tabloids that sell thousands on the island of Manhattan, graphically and unabashedly devoted to sex. This is their story, an incredible one at that.

Also in the current issue: "Confessions of a Company Freak," the story of Danny Fields, formerly publicity director of Elektra Records, now the manager of the MC5, and his true tales of the New York rock scene from Linda Eastman to Nico, from Jim Morrison to the "great MC5 hype." "I was appalled," Danny says, "at the quality of the groupies hanging around Morrison. I thought it would be interesting to try and elevate his taste in women."

And another article, by East Village Other Editor Dean Lattimer titled "True Dope, A Taster's Manual—Including a Variety of Useful Terms, Comparative Values, Pitfalls and their Avoidance, Illustrated Graphs, Statistics and Other Helpful Hints."

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Buddy Guy at Kaloleni Social Hall

Bringing it all Back Home

PHOTOGRAPHS BY P. GIRAUDO

BY PETER GIRAUDO

At a time when in the U.S.A. the blues of Black Americans is enjoying a deserved peak of popularity and influence, the ignorance surrounding the African roots of such music is quite mistaken. When we consider that the blues is possibly the most important Western music of this century, this ignorance demands that blues lovers understand the strong African traditions as fully as possible.

When we see how much Black American spirituals, blues, work songs and the like are rooted in the African tradition, we can recognize that by extension the whole of modern American and Western music of a popular nature would never have come about were it not for the original African inspiration. The story of how rock and roll evolved from blues and spirituals is too well known to bear repeating—and is it therefore unreasonable to say that without Africa there would be no Beatles, no Stones, no Hendrix or Elvis Presley?

Chicago blues guitarist and singer Buddy Guy, who is a well known major bluesman and influence in the U.S.A. just completed an eight week tour of various Central and East African countries. This tour is the first of its kind in this part of Africa that has been undertaken by an important Black American blues figure. In breaking the ground for those who are bound to follow, this tour has been one of the most crusading of its kind to be seen in Africa for some while—and it has the dual importance of opening possible doors for African musicians who need American exposure.

For a proper understanding of the



African roots of our popular American music, it is necessary to be more precise than to use a simple term like "African music" or "Black music." Such terms are meaningless without qualification. For example, Ethiopians are certainly Africans, but they are not *Negro Africans* and their music bears little if any relationship to any Black American forms. Pacific Ocean Melanesians are certainly very Black people, but their music has no possible connection whatsoever with Louisiana chain gang hollers. It is the Negro people of West and Central Africa who were sold into New World slavery, and consequently their forms of traditional music which form the backbone of Black American styles.

Knowing the roots of much of Buddy Guy's variety of blues, I played Atlantic Record's *Negro Church Music* LP (Southern Folk Heritage Series) to some members of The Ashantis, a group that is possibly the most experienced in Kenya as far as playing American music is concerned.

Hussein Shebe, who is lead singer with the group, was at once struck with how some of the revival spirituals on the LP reminded him of songs of his own Waswahili people. Paddy Gwada and his brother, Rocky, who are both excellent musicians, Paddy being the group's lead guitarist and Rocky the bass player, were of the same opinion as Hussein. They remarked that Fred McDowell's bottleneck number, "I Want Jesus To Be My Savior" was very similar in style and sound to the singing that accompanies an East African instrument known as *kamba nane* (lit: "eight



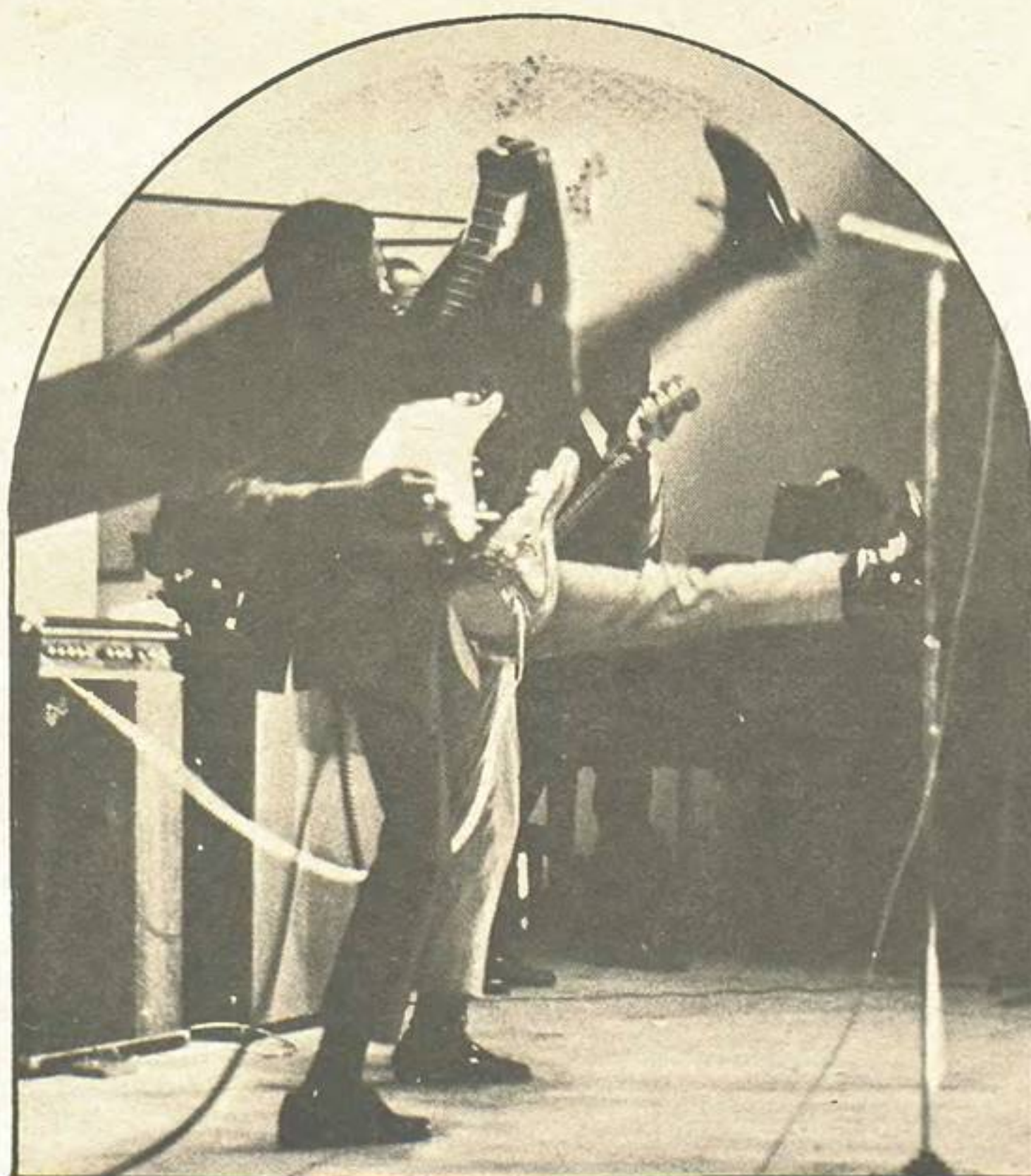
string"). We all noticed how the singer-congregation interaction on such songs as "Jesus Is Real To Me" was strongly reminiscent of communal singing in Negro Africa.

However, the forms of blues and spirituals that The Ashantis found so familiar were far removed from amplified Chicago blues—and the threads connecting these more eclectic Black American sounds with the African tradition have become worn very thin indeed. In fact the music of urban Africa is now primarily the form known as Soul or R&B. Most African musicians that I talked to were of the opinion that Soul was popular because of the overwhelming syncope of the beat.

Hussein Shehe said, "Put it this way: An African can walk into town never having been to a nightclub before. Now as soon as he hears James Brown at the very least he will be able to dance to it."

There are other reasons too for the overwhelming influence of Soul in urban Africa. One is the need many young Africans have to discover Black people who have made it in the sense they also desire—and the richer, flashier Soul performers fit this image. But just as important is the fact that traditional African peoples are being changed by modern Africa in the same way that Black Americans from the Deep South were changed by Chicago, and their music reflects this.

A traditional African musician would find it hard to earn enough to stay alive in a modern African town. The irony regarding American performers is that Fred McDowell, however strong his



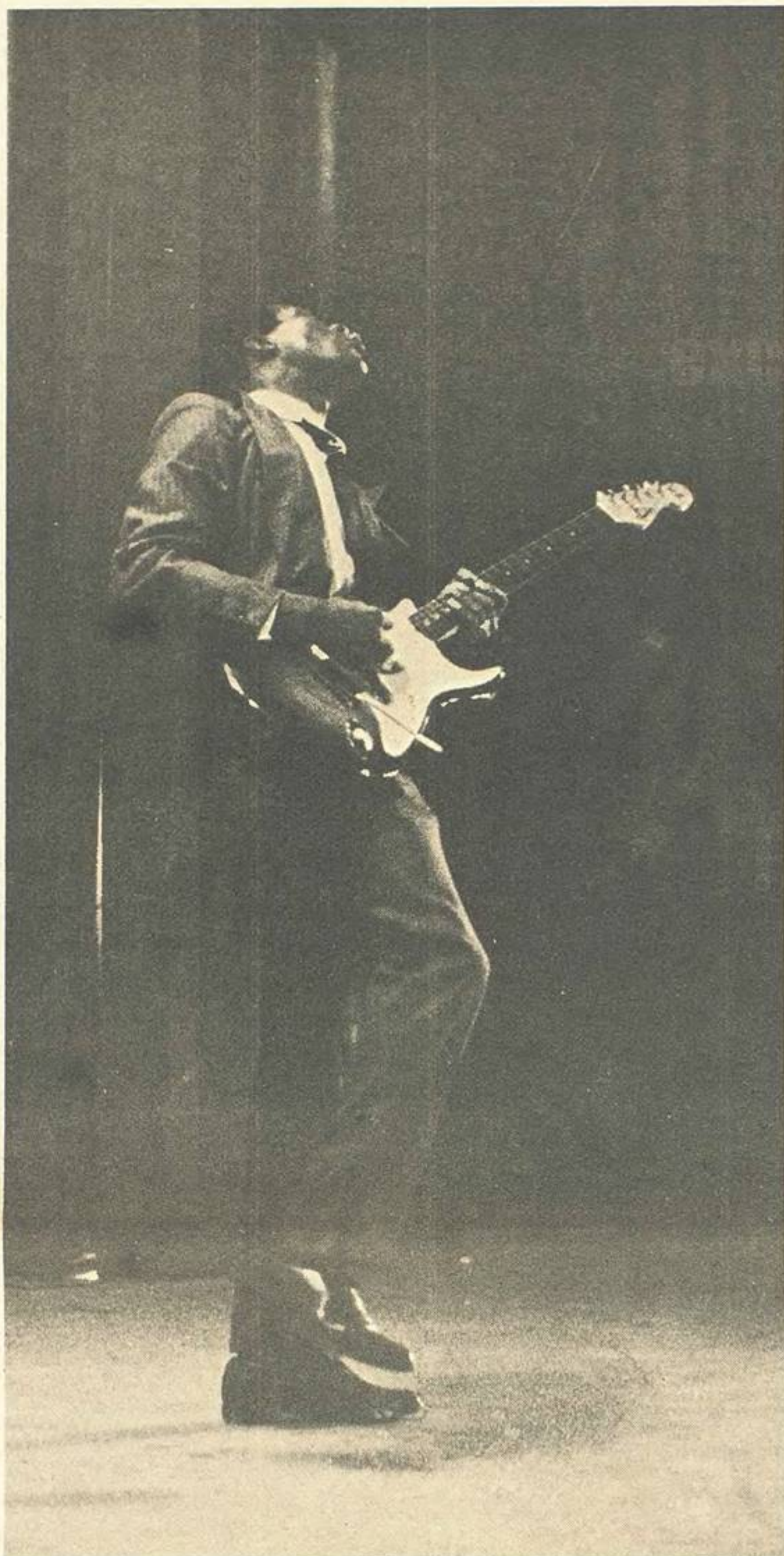
roots are in the musical tradition of Negro Africa, would find a hard time gaining an audience in Nairobi.

Against this musical background, Buddy Guy undertook his tour of eight African countries in East and Central Africa. He has played in Congo Kinshasha, Zambia, Malawi, Mauritius, Madagascar, Kenya, Tanzania and Uganda. In every place he has visited his blues numbers have been virtually unknown, and some members of his tour were disappointed with this. A. C. Reed, Buddy's saxophonist, was frankly discouraged by the fact that the band found it necessary to include so many Soul numbers in their repertoire. Looking faintly disgusted, he would remark, "Anyone can do this James Brown stuff here and get away with it. We should be giving the people more of the blues."

Road manager Jerry Ricks, a folk blues guitar teacher: "The best policy in the world is to tell the truth. People sometimes (in Africa) don't really know what the music we play is all about. They try and learn Soul here but don't know how to do it."

These two comments summed up a rather sad fact about current African pop musicians. Although they have managed interesting syntheses of African and Western music, all too often their live performances are given over to imitations of simple, changeless soul numbers that are an embarrassment to hear, notwithstanding their obvious fervour and sincerity.

One of the important things to come out of the tour was the fact that although he has had little time for jamming with local musicians, Buddy was



pleased to find some excellent people here in Africa. He said, "I have lots of tapes and records of African musicians, particularly in the Congo—there is a real talent in many of the styles. I am going to give these tunes to arrangers and producers in the States and see what they can do with them. I hope enough interest will be generated so that we can come see some of these people on tour over there in the U.S. I myself am going to try and work some of these Congolese ideas into my own music."

Buddy maintains that many people had misinterpreted the mixing of music styles in the States. Some were insistent that White American blues groups "stole" music from blues musicians who are Black. "If that's the case," said Buddy, "I stole it from somebody too, because music is *borrowing*, not stealing. I know some of the Congolese musicians are going to mix blues and Congo stuff now that I've been through here, and that will be really fine. Are they stealing?"

The band has also run into a few troubles where certain people have expected them to adopt militant attitudes and play provocative music. In Kaloleni Social Hall here in Nairobi, a group of young Africans became quite uncontrollable during his performance.

They were high on various lethal home brews, and the performance became one in which screams of "Black Power" were mixed with a dangerous frenzy of over-enthusiasm. It was not that the few white people there, including myself, were in danger, but that Buddy and the band themselves would be seriously hurt in what had become an uncontrollable hysteria. The trouble was

caused by young Kenyans who were in fact very unsure of their "Africanness" and were compensating by adopting hip-militant attitudes that were totally out of keeping with a country that cannot afford the luxury of affected alienation. For Buddy it was upsetting because it was obvious that the crowd had little respect for him or his music, but merely using it as a vehicle for exorcism of whatever devils they felt.

Such a reaction was very rare on the tour, and Buddy pointed out how many other enthusiastic audiences there were who had given him no trouble:

"You might not believe it but there's times when I have just had to go back to my hotel room and cry. In Dar-es-Salaam, Tanzania, we were playing on a rooftop, and five thousand people were gathered in the rain to hear us. But in Mauritius [a small island off Madagascar] it was really fantastic. There were fifteen thousand people at a low estimate watching us play on the beach.

"Now people were running over each other just to get to touch us, and there was this little old lady just getting shoved around as she tried to reach us. I went up to her . . . out of my way to get to her so to speak, and when she touched me I noticed that she had tears in her eyes. When I finally got a translation on what she was saying, it turned out that she was just happy to be able to put her hands on me."

At the concerts in Kenya, the audiences were very enthusiastic, fantastically so considering that they had no idea whatsoever of who Buddy Guy was. In every case he was playing to packed houses, and his amazing guitar tricks

left people gasping. Buddy was working very hard in each performance. After a few numbers Buddy would be dripping with sweat and playing his guitar with exhausting vigour. On one occasion he sang a slow blues to the audience called "I Love You" which was a truly moving feat of bluesmanship.

But despite all of the enthusiasm, there were certain hard facts concerning the blues that just had to be faced. Primarily, the blues suffered in comparison to the soul numbers that he let his brother Phillip handle onstage. In a few instances it was obvious that some of the mixed reception the blues numbers received was due to the fact that Buddy became too discouraged prematurely when he started into Chicago blues.

Buddy himself was very calm about this—the blues are the strength of his life it seems, and his convictions in what he does are not so easily shaken. He pointed out that he was the first musician of this type to pass through East and Central Africa. This alone was enough to account for much of the cool reception his own numbers received. He commented that people couldn't obviously call for what they had never heard before. "I'm always going to do the blues because I'll make myself happy if I make nobody else feel good."

"You notice that the house was rather wild last night [June 5th at the University College Nairobi] on all the soul stuff—and after a while when I take off on a blues you hear somebody say shh!! Well, this particular person *really* wants to know what I'm saying when he tells the restless ones to keep quiet."

The blues also suffered in comparison to the soul numbers because the beat was often not syncopated, and that in any case African people had their own traditional forms of music very similar in content to the message of the blues.

Buddy was not discouraged however. "The places that I've been I've always played the blues and watched the crowd's reaction. I've never been one place where I know *what* to expect from the audience, but I've had good reactions. Here in Kenya I was a bit worried at first because the crowds were kinda subdued during the blues."

"After one concert two girls came up to me and asked me about this particular tune which I know they didn't understand as well as the soul numbers. One of the chicks asked me 'Were you hurting inside when you played that number? Because I felt like you were putting your whole body and soul into it.' Now I knew that *she* knew I was at my best during this type of number."

This type of instant recognition and enthusiasm for the blues was not uncommon. Although Buddy suffered by being billed as "The Prince of Soul," reactions in Africa were generally as favorable as could be expected. An announcer with the Voice of Kenya Radio said that he was getting requests for Buddy's blues numbers after having played one of his LPs on the air. Two young African students told me that whilst they did not understand all of the slang terms in the "slow" numbers, Buddy's blues had nevertheless "touched our hearts." A Kenya Asian was anxious to find out what kind of equipment Buddy used, and where his records could be obtained, since he played in a band and wanted to do some blues tunes.

To Buddy himself, there was a conviction that his tour was going to pave the way for a whole new market in blues music. It was totally moving for him to find strangers so interested in his types of music, and he said that he could not describe the feelings that he had when such interest was shown.

One cannot fall into the error of assuming that the interest shown in Buddy's music by African people necessarily means that the music of Black Africans and Black Americans are one and the same. The genius of generations of Black Americans in adapting Western European music to meet their own needs has resulted in forms such as Buddy's Chicago Blues' having little of the original African inspirations left in them. What has not been erased by time is the links between the musical *approaches* of Africans and Black Americans. The joyfulness and sadness expressed in the music and the lack of inhibition shown through music by holding on to one's deep feelings in face of adverse circumstances and back-breaking lives.

The fact that people in his original home, Africa, are becoming aware that Black Americans have been making a meaningful music long before Soul came along is one of the best things to come out of this tour.



Buddy remarked very sincerely, "After this tour it will certainly have helped me and have helped other people too. I want to get other people involved with the blues to come here now that I've been because I know the Continent can support musicians of my type coming from the States to Africa, and I know that we in the States can support African musicians going the *other* way."

"Now in the Congo people took to our blues more than in most places, when they get to picking up on what we are doing they will come out a new thing—you'll still have the Congolese tradition in there, but you'll have the blues too . . . it can happen to them just like it happened to me, this tour and everything."

"When I was making five bucks a week a few years back I would never have believed I would be here now. We have so many musicians in the States and I'm just one of them. I never had no college education and so that being the case you just give up on things like ever coming to Africa. Now the State Department sponsored me and suddenly I'm here. . . . It's just like the dream of my life."

A few hours after the conversation, Buddy Guy was standing on a stage at Nairobi City Hall, wailing a beautiful blues that he wrote while on tour. A blues that he dedicated to all the people in the hall and especially to the African dignitaries in the audience. This blues has a very special meaning for one who has had to struggle for so long to gain what he possesses now. No doubt we shall hear it soon on record in the States. It starts off with a slow, strong and powerful line of "You can make it . . . if you try. . . ."

John Cash goes back to prison.

The first time was Folsom Prison. It made a spectacular album. This time it was San Quentin. The result, if anything, is even more spectacular: Johnny Cash At San Quentin. It's a powerful album. For the songs, sure. "San Quentin" (how Cash feels about the place). "Starkville City Jail" (how Cash

landed there for a night). "A Boy Named Sue" (a fantasy). But it's more than that. You get caught up in this terrific feeling that builds between Cash and the boys at San Quentin. As you listen to the songs, and the response, you begin to realize that what these men have lost is not so much their freedom as their self-

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BOOKS

By JOHN GRISSIM, JR.

The Rock Revolution by Arnold Shaw. Crowell-Collier Press, New York. 215 pp. \$4.95 (hardbound)

The Jefferson Airplane & the San Francisco Sound by Ralph J. Gleason. Ballantine Books, New York. 340 pp. 95c

Two books about rock music have recently been published. Both authors have been closely associated with music for over two decades and both try to communicate the nature of rock and roll and its impact on American civilization. In *The Rock Revolution* Arnold Shaw talks about everything and tells nothing. Ralph Gleason focuses on one thing, *The Jefferson Airplane*, and tells everything.

As his book beautifully demonstrates, Arnold Shaw believes the maxim that if you work it right you can write a book about anything without ever going farther away from your typewriter than your telephone or your mail box. In this case, if you want to survey the last fifteen years of rock, here's all you do:

1—Go through all your back issues of Billboard, Cashbox, Record World, Hit Parader and Melody Maker and compile a list of the principal performers, groups and their hit records.

2—Write all the record companies, tell them you're putting together this book and get them to send you publicity photographs, biographies and record catalogs of all the artists you're discussing.

3—Read through the Sunday New York Times, Vogue, Life, Eye, Crawdaddy, ROLLING STONE and Hi Fi/Stereo Review and clip articles relating to your subject, especially where it's-at-now think pieces.

4—Put every artist's name on a 3x5 index card, take the resulting stack in hand and deal them off the top into one of the following categories: Rockabilly, Rhythm-and-Blues, Teenage Rock, Protest & Folk Rock, the British Invasion, the California Sound, etc.

5—Arrange the artists in each category chronologically, do the same with articles discussing trends and tastes (don't forget album liner notes), and then start writing.

While you are doing this, be sure to avoid interviewing any artists, try not to quote anybody directly about anything, and steer clear of any discussion of the role and influence of key record producers over the years. All this is particularly important if your office is located in the middle of Hollywood.

Conceivably the above approach to book-writing can work, for Shaw has previously written unauthorized biographies of Harry Belafonte and Frank Sinatra using this procedure. But when he turns to rock music all he ends up doing is plowing through a long and tedious list of who started singing when, how well did he do and where does he fit into the larger picture. When he does venture beyond this format (his longer discussion of Dylan, for example), Shaw limits himself to, at best, an uninspired rehash of the obvious.

Not surprisingly, Shaw's failure to communicate the essential character and significance of rock and roll is related to his Cashbox-Billboard vision of a music which he really doesn't like anyway. His vocabulary is a compendium of trade magazine phraseology, superannuated hipster jive, old hype and out and out flack. It's embarrassing.

He calls discotheques "after-hours pads for teenagers," describes Hank Williams as "a Hillbilly Shakespeare," and uses such phrases as "the big Negro beat" and "the strange power of Teenland" with total seriousness. Popular disc jockies are "personality platter spinners," "Chattanooga Shoe Shine Boy" is "Red Foley's cloth-snapping platter," and everywhere "the record is King."

When he on occasion paints himself into a corner and absolutely has to come to some kind of conclusion, Shaw talks about what others have said. But it sometimes takes a bit of doing to figure out just who said it.

"Variety was on the right track when it cited the opinion of those who said of the Mersey Sound" . . . etc.

In all fairness, Shaw does directly quote from one artist—John Hartford—whom he apparently talked to. But virtually all other are in the "He-has-said" category.

Shaw will get started on something and suddenly bring in the damndest

material. One senses what he is trying to say, but it takes work.

"*The Jefferson Airplane Takes Off*, released in August, 1966, did not make a record breaking flight, despite the group's mastery of the Beatles' art of putting-on and -off interviewers."

Sometimes it's just one, pristine sour note: "Like the Airplane's Grace Slick, Janis Joplin can cut through any wall-of-sound with her pipes." Or: "Dusty Springfield is fond of offbeat leather clothes, which offers a hint as to the quality of her voice: husky, tough and sharp-edged."



OUR ASTRONAUT

Lewis MacAdams, poet and intrepid traveler, whose work we occasionally publish, recently brought us a copy of a letter he sent to the Director of the National Aeronautics and Space Agency, requesting consideration for the position of astronaut on the forthcoming moon-shot. We thought it worth bringing to your attention. If you feel, as we do, that Lewis MacAdams would make a worthy astronaut, why not clip out his picture and letter from this page, put it in an envelope and mail it to: Dr. Thomas Paine, Director, NASA, Houston, Texas.

DEAR DR. PAINE:

It is the eye brain tongue of man that rises toward the Moon. The second the first Apollo broke free from earth's gravity all nations ceased to exist as relevant qualification. The Moon is not made of American Cheese! It is base to plant flags, because they can't grow! Although the eye of each earthling is greatly informed by camera-shots of the sun dawning on the Moon, the image of the mighty universe is narrowed and distorted by visionless instruments of the space agency who listen to lame music and radio back lifeless jokes. Our astronauts have no language. Yuri Gagarin, at least, howled his realization "I Am Eagle!"

To have no language means to have no home. To have no home means you can't go anywhere; so that all NASA

Bill Graham and Jerry Garcia.

Gleason's introduction is slow going in parts, having an and-then-I-wrote flavor because of his liberal borrowing from past columns on the subject. But the book really begins when he starts talking to his subjects. All speak with utter frankness. And it's all there:

Bill Graham: "Rock is gonna be around for a long time but what we knew ain't never gonna come back, I don't think. . . . I don't think it's gonna grow the way I would like to see it grow, but that extends into what I think is wrong with the major groups. It's the

will continue to get away with it until somebody goes up there and says 'I'm gonna show you the real thing.'

"When Jimi Hendrix doesn't grind out a gig because he's hitting his 34th city in 33 days and he doesn't know where he is . . . he's making \$12,500 a night . . . when he says, 'Whoa!' and if he does a bad set and has the guts to say to the people, 'You know, I just spoke to Bill backstage and Bill said I was a shuck, man, and I didn't know what he means.' We did talk backstage and when he said, 'Bill, what did you think,' I said, 'I gotta tell you, it was one of the greatest shucks I've ever seen.' And he said, 'But Bill, they loved it, standing ovation and they want me for more,' and I said 'Yeah, but what did you do? . . . What did you do, Jimi?' I said, 'You got on the bloody fucking stage and you gave them the sexy bit and you gave them the tongue and you socked it to that girl and she wet her pants and yes, you gave it to her but what did you give her? You gave her exactly what she wanted. Did you teach her anything? Does she know that you really know something about styles and phrasing slow blues? And you do. I've seen it! Did you really play?'"

Marty Balin: "It got to the point where we were running around like nuts. Flying, getting up, flying, playing, flying, you know, every day and night and pretty soon now . . . we'd sit around and every day wake up at a different . . . the room is different. The same room but it's different and every day you'd look out the window. It's like the same window but there's something different out there and pretty soon we'd just become imprisoned. Everybody began to get freaking and we kept telling people 'We can't work like that, we want to create, we've got a lot to say, we need time to do it.'"

In the course of his interviews, Gleason examines intensively the background and personal views of each member of the Airplane. From these transcripts emerges a composite picture of rock music today, its energy, its dilemma, its direction. The genesis of the Jefferson Airplane is no less the story of every successful group. Graham and Garcia continue the dialogue and put into perspective their music's changing values and evolving needs.

Grace Slick: "We go to some big teenybopper arrangement or some young kid decides he's gonna make a whole bunch of money as a promoter and puts on some horrible thing in a great big arena, millions of kids screaming and the sound system's there, there's so much echo and they don't know what they're doing, so you can't hear anything anyway. And it just cracks me up. Like I'll sit there and the band's going . . . I'll just say anything I want to. 'Hi kids, pick your nose, you jerks,' screaming and stuff and they don't know what I'm saying 'cause they can't hear a word and they're all just sitting there going 'Oh, she's talking between numbers,' or you can say anything. 'Oh you're beautiful, this is the most fantastic crowd I've ever seen,' and they're (the band) cracking things in the middle of your song and stuff. They can't hear."

Jerry Garcia: "The point seems to be to try and communicate something or to be in a position where there is more going on than anybody on a stage. I mean, like it would be nice if traditional folk music could be taken out of the art form that it's been put into; it's art music now. Joan Baez is an art singer and Judy Collins is, and so forth. And it lacks vitality, it lacks the vitality that those people as individuals are loaded with . . ."

No less so than those with whom he speaks, Gleason can feel the music—and be exhilarated by it. At one point during his interview with Marty Balin, the singer asks him "Why are you writing a book?"

Gleason: "Because I'm fascinated by it (the music). I mean, I'm fascinated why I should walk into the Fillmore Auditorium and stand there and you guys should do something that was so incredible to me and my mind just went inside out. I get the same feelings that I get from Miles Davis. I don't care what the hell we call it. I don't know whether Miles Davis is jazz, for that matter. Maybe he's rock and roll. All I know is that he's coming out in April with Gil Evans to play the University of California and they're gonna have all new shit and I want to hear it."

And that, Mr. Shaw, is the rock revolution.

and its pilots have accomplished thus far is a boring expansion of our systematic, visionless, national hells, murky unhappy states. Como-Demmies in outer space? Shit no!!

The Moon in its course is free to all. Poets have gone there for ages with their yearnings and have brought back poems and a woman, forever out of reach. Therefore, in the interests of earth, its joyful sciences, a poet should go along on the next Apollo launching, the first to actually land on the moon, to act as guide, chronicler, and singing reporter to the people on this planet who have yet to freak through space to see that the Moon is no passive confirmation of some well-meaning NASA geographer's dream map but a great silvery orb revolving!

I am 24 years old, in perfect health, perfect eyesight, well-schooled, with great experience aloft. I am a poet. I volunteer my services to NASA immediately, will begin training anytime. In fact we've already begun. There are hundreds of poets training for his mission. If not me, then send Ed Sanders, John Keats, Walt Whitman, or Michael McClure! Bring back Tom Veitch! Go out singing!

LEWIS MACADAMS, JR.

86 THE JACKOFFS! GO UP SINGING

Dear Dr. Paine,

You have boring astronauts. This space for poetry. MacAdams to the moon, please. Send this boy up!

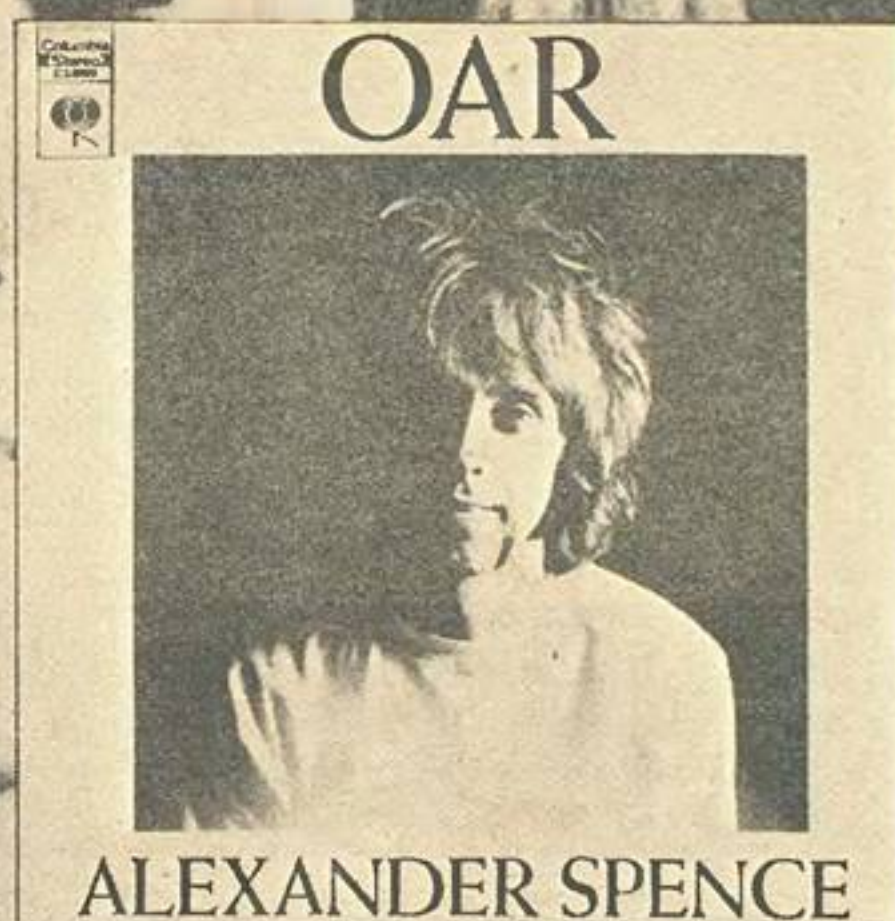
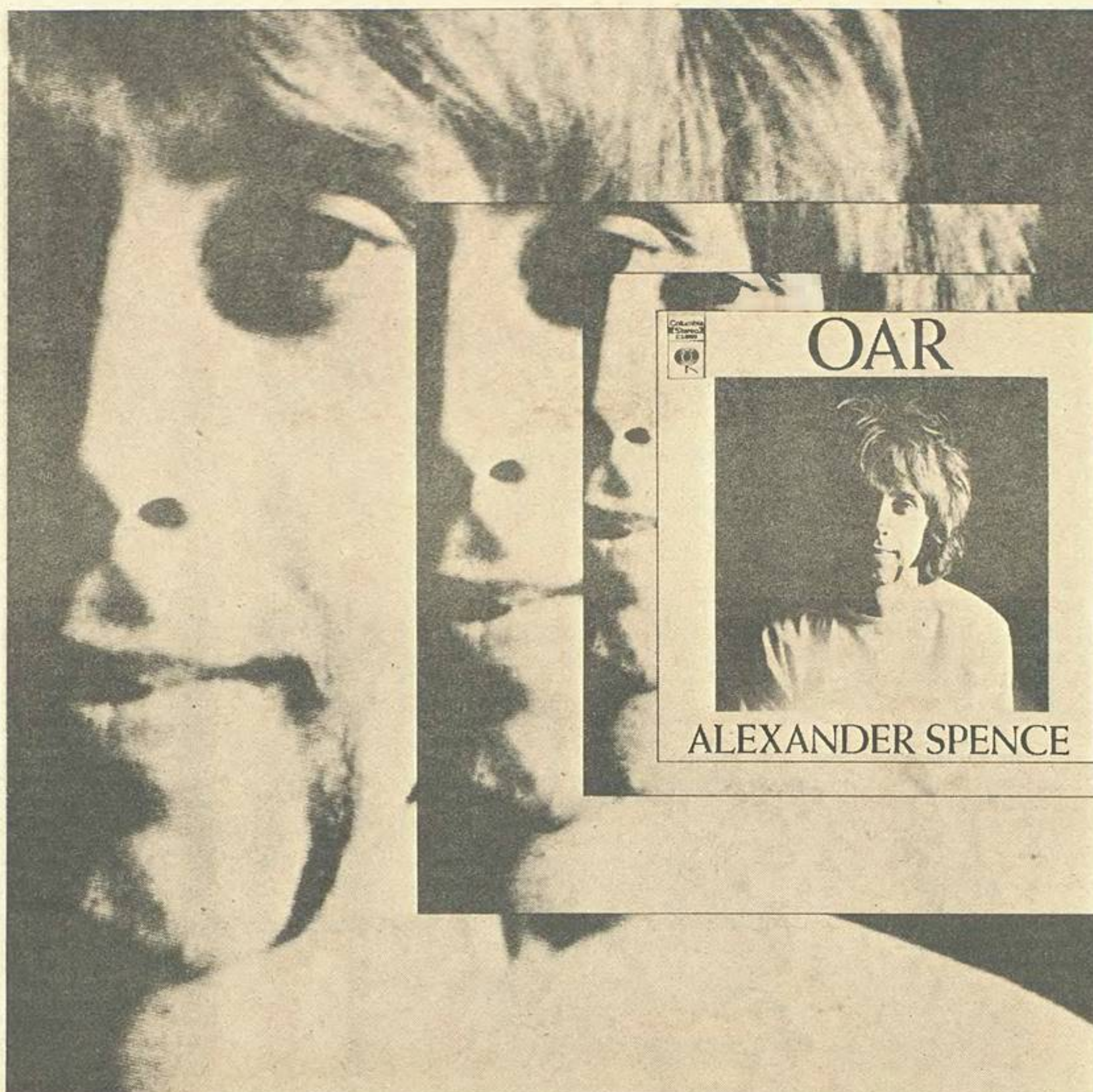
Sincerely,

In the end Arnold Shaw has not described the rock revolution so much as he has tabulated its manifestations in cash for the record industry. Beyond this his book lacks a sense of perspective, of proportion. Peter Noone of Herman and the Hermits is described in the same neutral tone as Steve Stills—statistics, category and principal image. Mama Cass's influence on Mama Cowhill is suggested, but such a comparison is irrelevant. On the other hand, Mama Cowhill's impact on "the viceroy of verbal violence" is worth reading about. It's too bad Shaw didn't consider it. All he had to do was pick up the phone.

In absolute contrast to Shaw's sweeping-neuter approach to rock, Ralph Gleason's *The Jefferson Airplane & The San Francisco Sound* is forceful and fascinating, and one of the better books on the music yet published. The 80 page introduction covers the history of San Francisco's rock music, its ball rooms, the birth of FM underground music and related developments. This is followed by brief profiles and long interviews with each member of the Airplane. Included are 16 pages of photographs by Jim Marshall of the principals and several other San Francisco-based groups. The final section carries interviews with

big argument I have with most interviewers now. We get into the discussion of stars and how much they make and "What do you think their role is?" Because of the lack of respect for their profession, that's why the business isn't gonna go where it should go. Because they hold the weight. Jim Morrison holds the weight, Jimi Hendrix holds the weight, Jefferson Airplane holds the weight and I'm sorry to say, in many instances, not particularly them, the way they get on the stage now . . . the way the Chambers Brothers got on my stage a few weeks ago, if they keep that up, it'll be, if not the death of the industry, the death of the possibility for this era to do something through their craft to show the public what can be done.

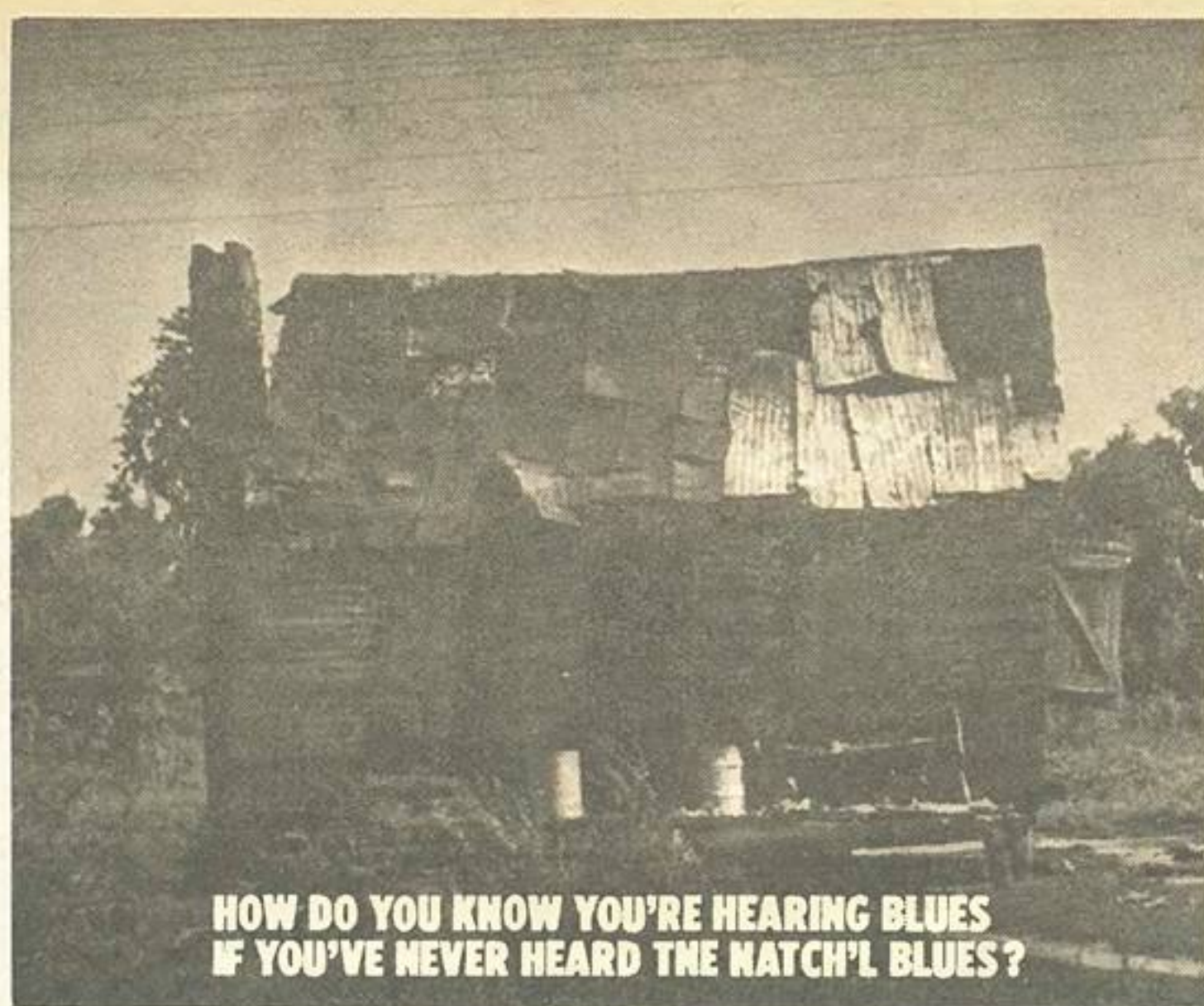
"When the Chambers Brothers' most important addition to their organization is a wardrobe man, look out! And when Jim Morrison gets on stage (I saw this in L.A.) and says to the public, 'You want music? You're not gonna get it now! I'm gonna read you some poetry!' What kind of poetry? Shit! And this man, who is God, Jr., in his opinion, gets on the stage and says to them, 'I'm gonna read it to you' . . . when he does it in Peoria and in Salt Lake City and in Boise, he will get away with it and he



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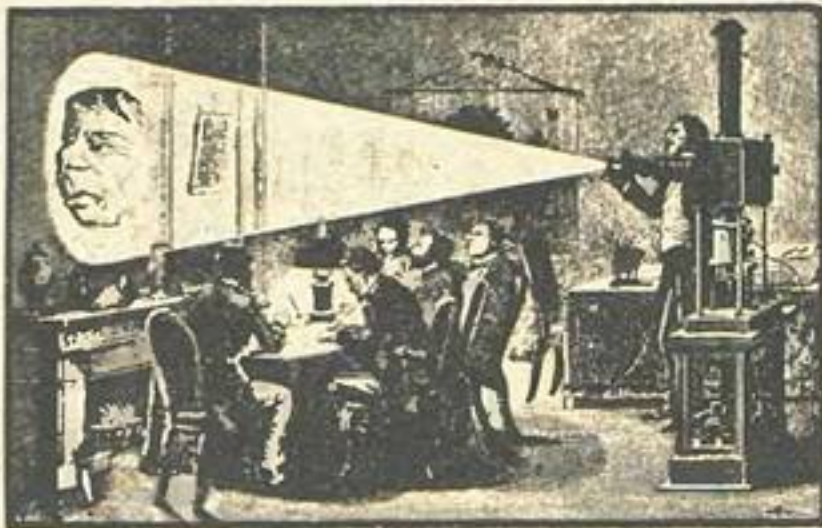
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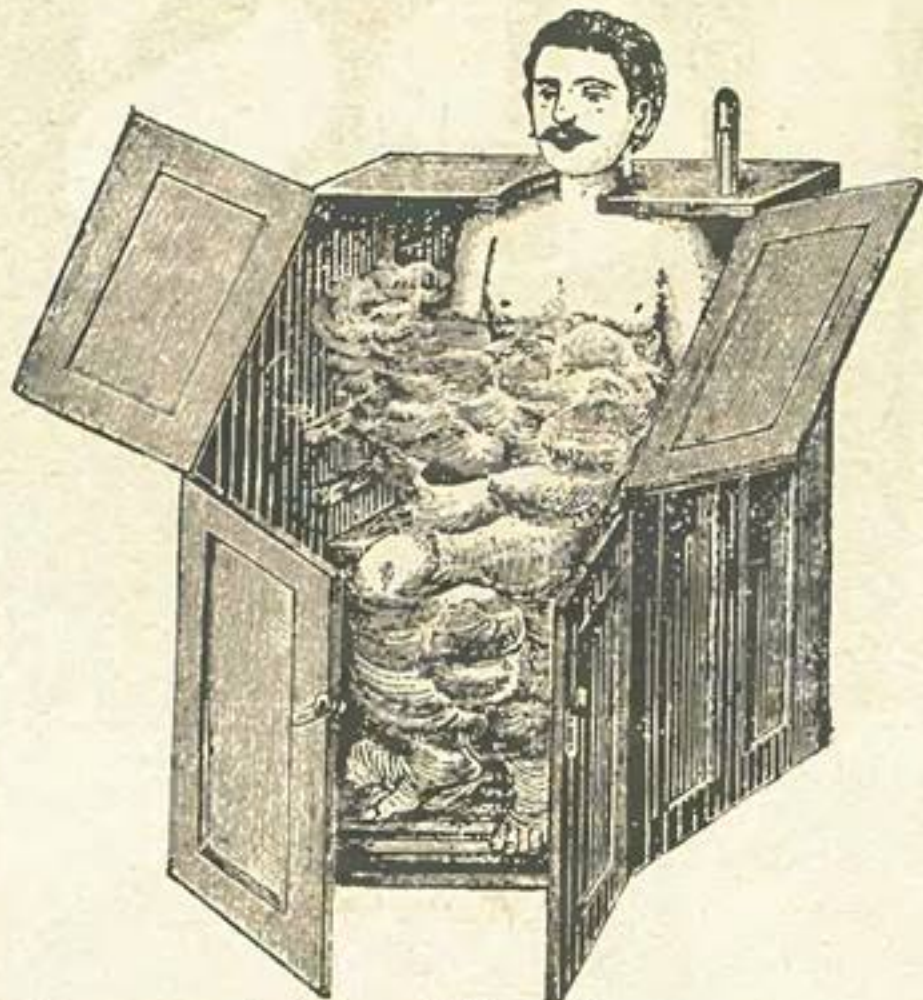
FUZZ AGAINST JUNK

THE SAGA OF THE NARCOTICS BRIGADE

BY
AKBAR DEL PIOMBO



REHASH: In the wake of an outbreak of crime traced to dope usage, the N.Y.-P.D. has summoned help from the British super-sleuth Sir Edwin Fuzz. In our last issue we left Sir Edwin in a projection room, where he continued to undergo a rapid briefing.



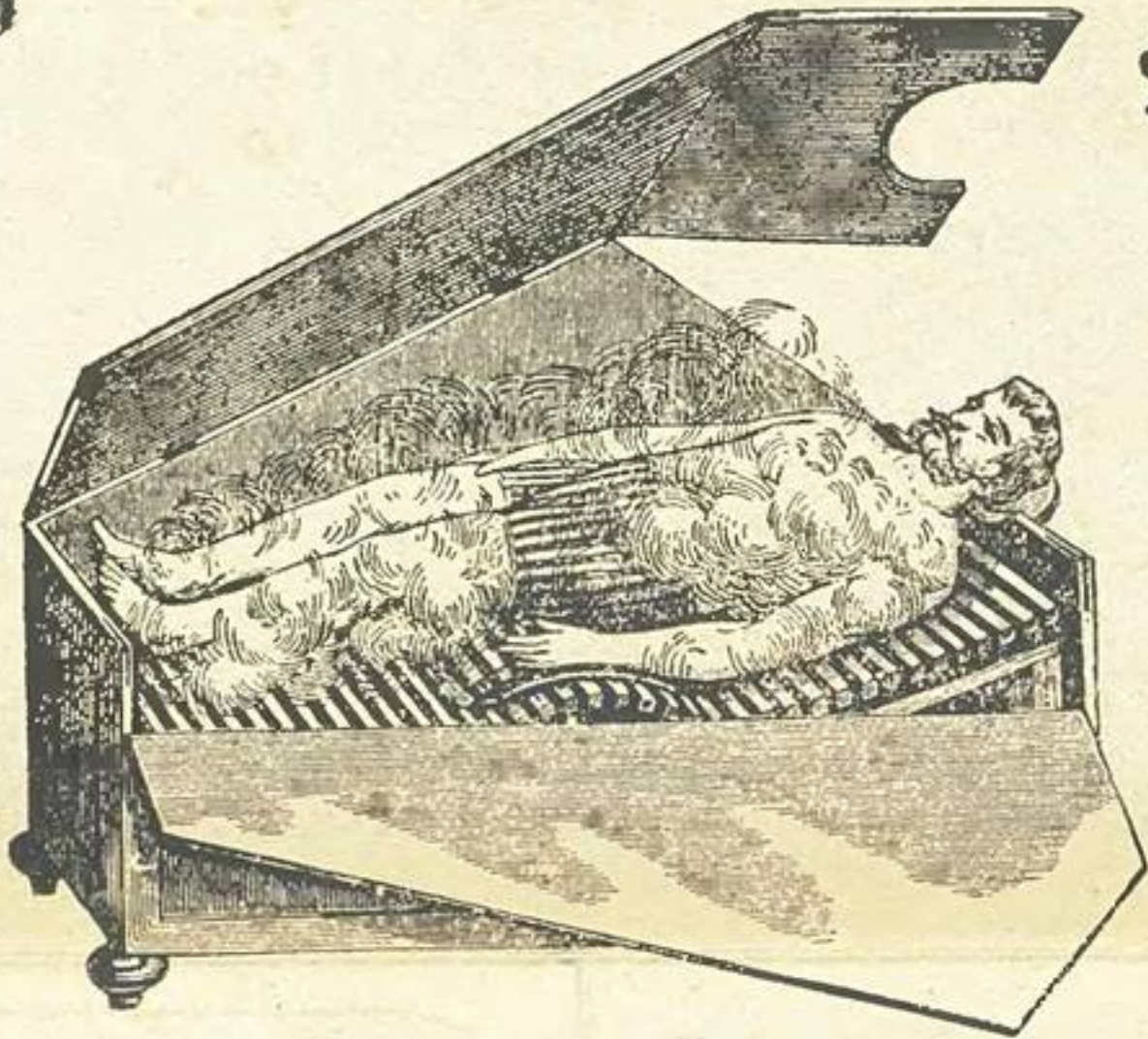
"Opium vapor bath"; upright position for two-hour "fix."



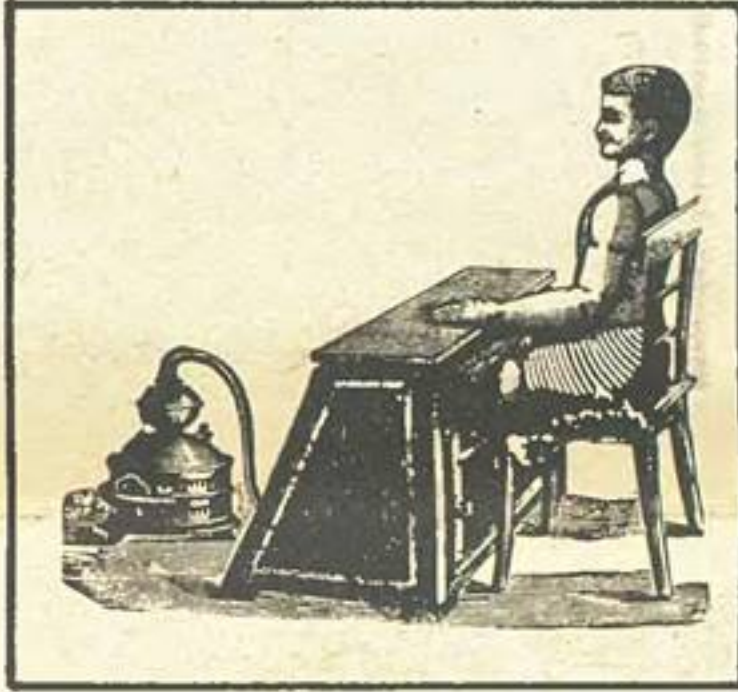
Combination Ocular-Vapor Bath system. Device uncovered in New York call-girl apartment.



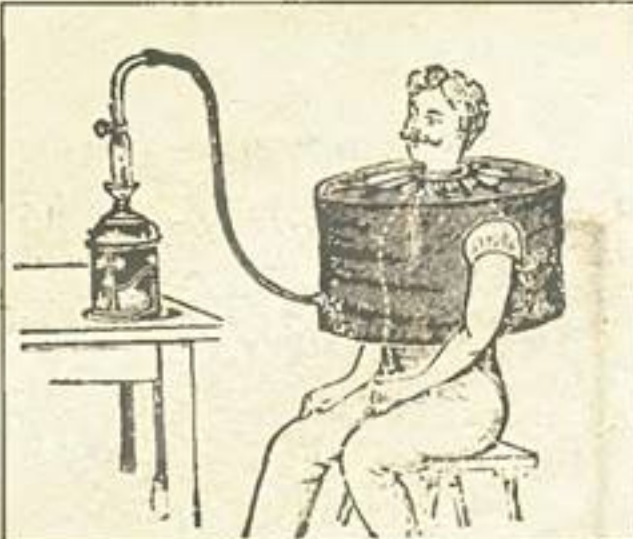
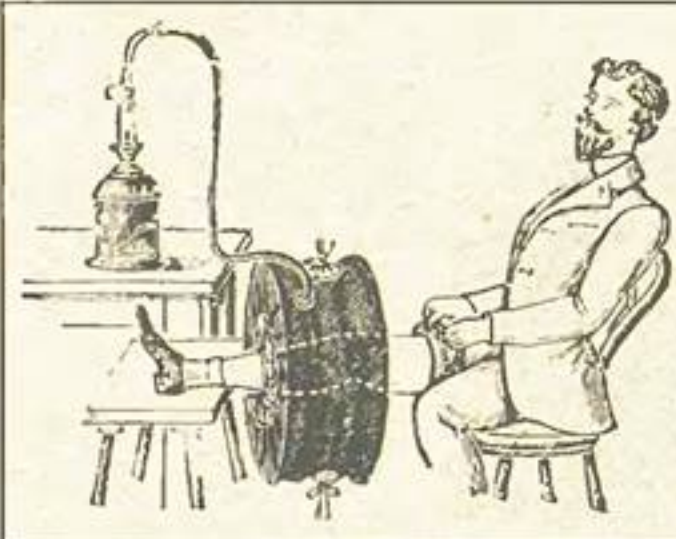
California two-hour pelvic region "fix."



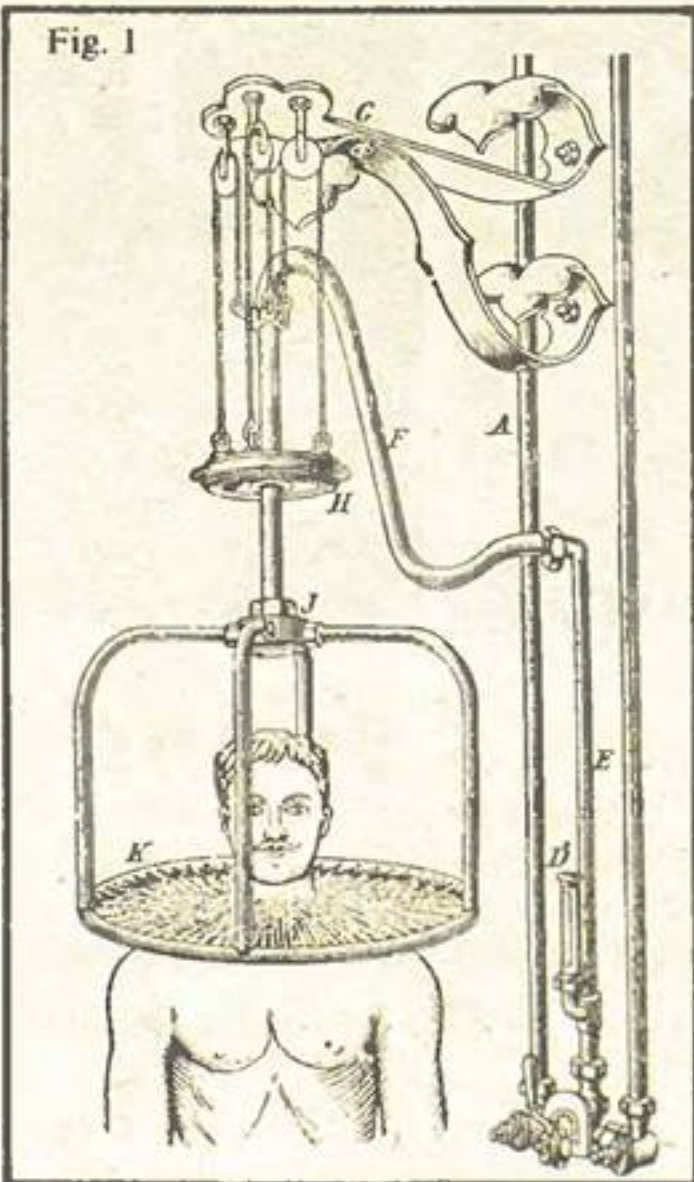
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The Fix: Jetstream systems. Fig 1: New York adaptation, or multiple-jet method. Fig. 2: Californian single-jet method. (Note regional preferences admirably exemplified here. East-Coasters concentrate on neck absorption, West-Coasters on insterstices between the toes.)



Simple device for converting ordinary bath-tub into Opium Vapor Bath administrator.

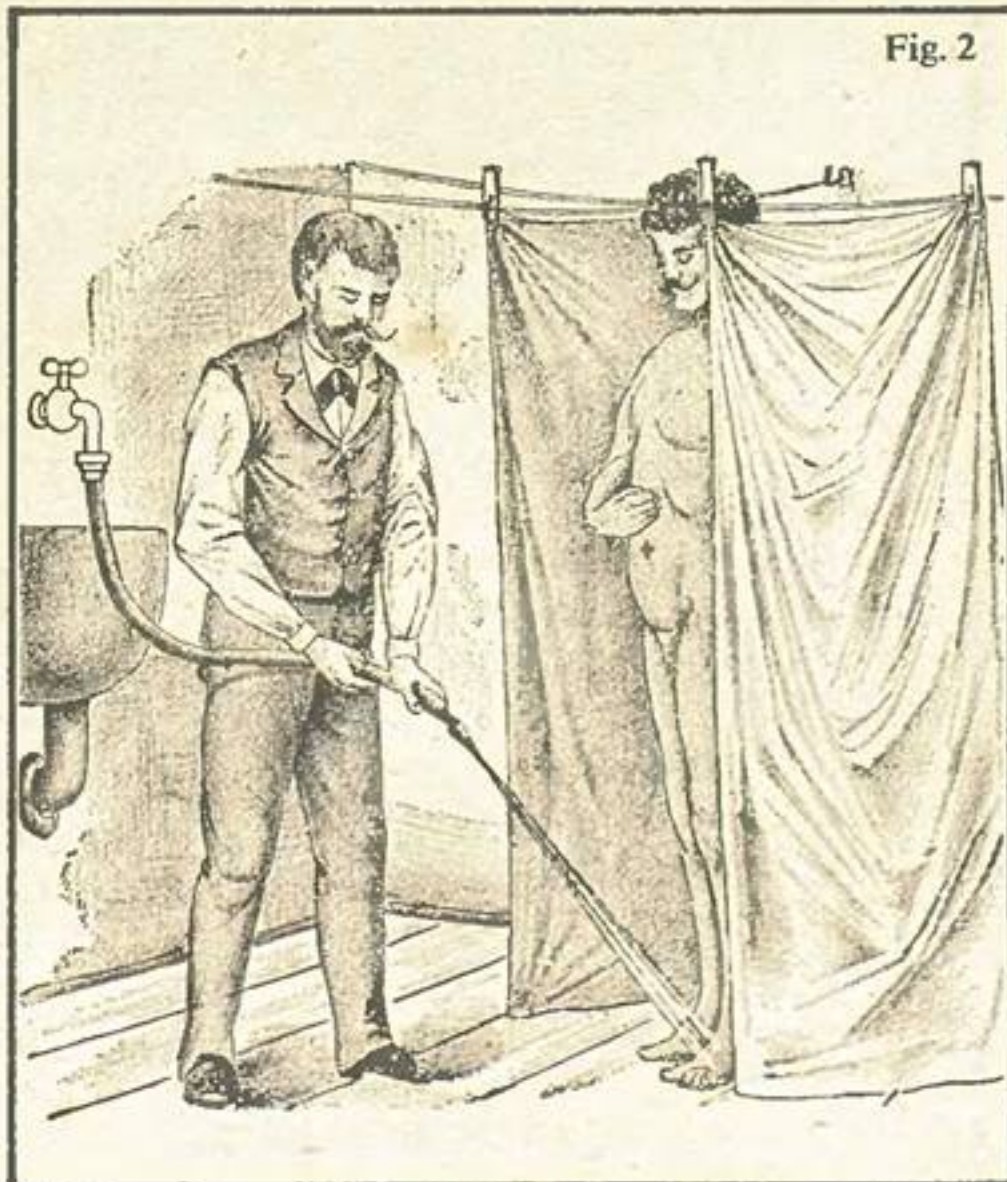


Fig. 2

CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE

the groupies

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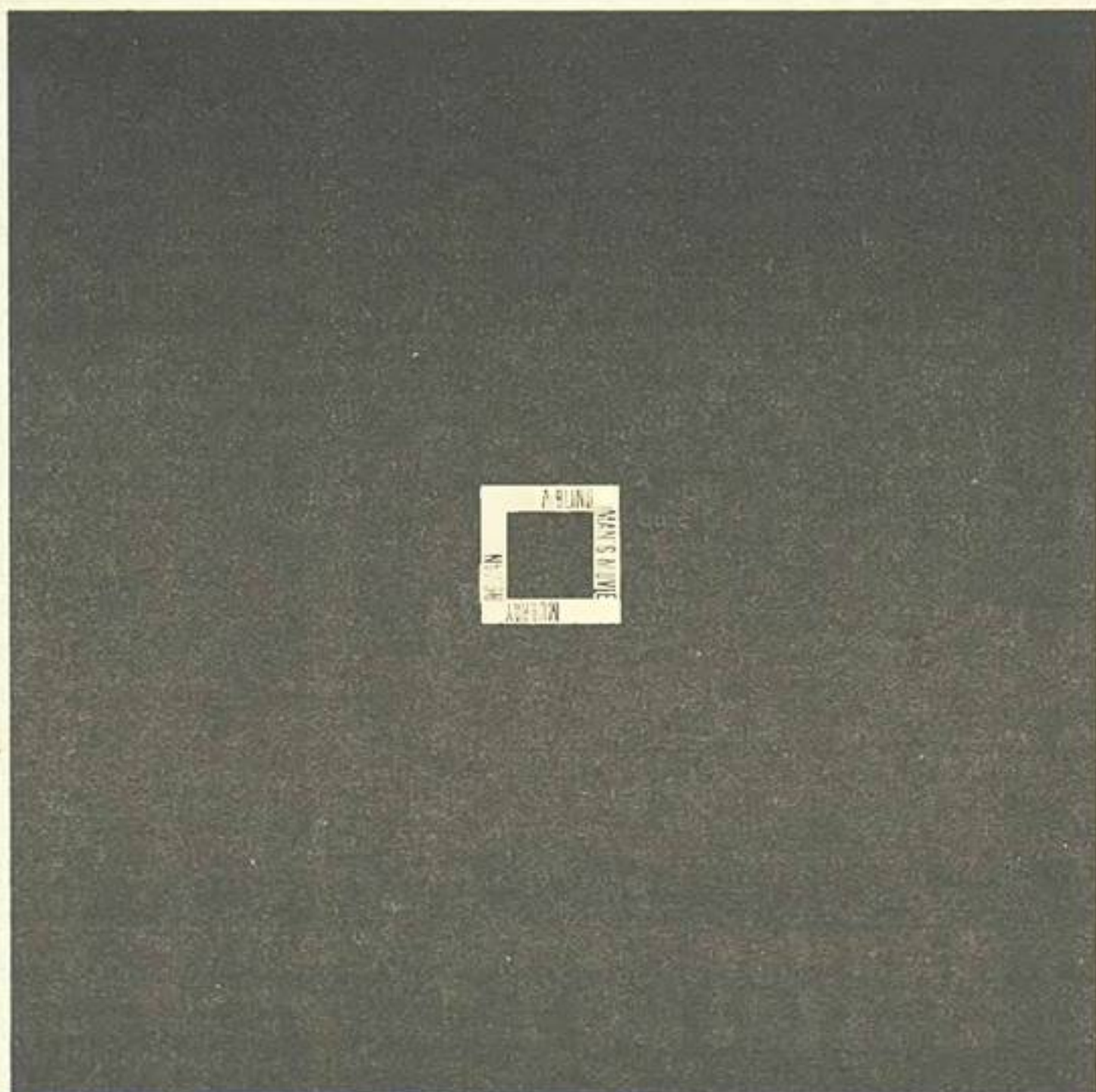
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RECORDS

Urban Spaceman, Bonzo Dog Band
(Imperial LP-12432)

BY LANGDON WINNER AND
GREIL MARCUS

Waiting for the show to start outside the Fillmore West, it wasn't hard to recognize "Legs" Larry Smith of the Bonzo Dog Band. Big silver studs spelled out "LEGS" all over the back of his red leather jacket. Bonzo Dog had just flown in for a one-night-only Sunday gig, sandwiched in between the Byrds, Pacific Gas & Electric, and Joe Cocker, and they were worried and apprehensive about how they'd go over with the American audience. "Good luck, Viv." "Luck, Neil." Real nervous. Naturally, they blew the place apart.

One of the basic rules of English rock and roll is that if you scratch a musician you'll find a reformed Teddy Boy and a document certifying the man in question as an art school drop-out. So it was for Ray Davies, John Lennon, Peter Townshend, and countless lesser lights. Rodney Slater, who works out on every conceivable brass and reed for Bonzo Dog, pinned it down this way in a poem (included in the *Gorilla* LP), "I Am a Lot Bigger Than You So Don't Start Any Bother John":

I was persuaded by those who knew me best to relax some of my demanding habits, and I duly surprised everyone Ha! Ha! by satisfying the examiner sufficiently to secure a grant. Art School! Roll on . . . Now the Fifties drew to a close . . . The Golden Age of the Teddy Boy was lost forever.

In England, art school is where you go if you are bright, lower or middle class, and don't want to be a time-clock puncher all your life. The chances of getting into a real university are so slim they're meaningless, and anyway, the Bonzo Dog Band was too busy ripping up theatre seats in the middle of *Rock, Rock, Rock* and *Blackboard Jungle*, too busy laying the local "pony-tails," too busy trying to write dumb songs, like Tom Courtenay in *Billy Liar*.

In art school they learned all about the Dada movement. Dada was an attempt to satirize and deflate the artistic pretensions of the turn of the century—the whole thing is more or less based on the plaster phallus Alfred Jarry kept on his mantelpiece and the umbrellas his pals snuck into museums as "masterpieces." By the time the Bonzo Dog got to art school the whole thing was being taken very very seriously—like, what kind of plaster did Jarry use? What brand of umbrella? Very boring. Bonzo Dog thought it was very funny. They thought it might be a real gas to go around with a plaster phallus coming out of one's head. Thus their unlikely approach to music was born.

The Bonzo Dog Band onstage is an outrageous spectacle of surrealistic confusion. Dozens of trumpets, tubas, saxophones, recorders and other less easily identifiable instruments litter the stage, ready to be played at random. Band members rush hurriedly on and off the platform changing into bizarre costumes for the never-ending stream of skits which punctuate the lyrics of the songs. Strange "kinetic sculptures" with flashing green eyeballs, bubble-blowing mouths, confetti-blowing skulls, are wheeled out and wobble recklessly to hard rock riffs. Drummer "Legs" Larry Smith bursts forth in a star-covered white leotard and does a Shirley Temple tap dance, topless, with simulated boobs. The pace is unsettling. Some songs are four minutes long; others four seconds.

At the center of the aimless vortex is the prime mover of the group, Vivian Stanshall. Offstage the young lead singer is a perfect model of politeness and quiet composure, but when confronted with a microphone, he becomes a wildly self-transforming demon. Eyes flashing with maniacal brilliance and scraggly yellow hair falling into his eyes, he switches

quickly from the voice of a Thirties crooner to that of a B.B.C. announcer or a Fifties rock idol and bombards the audience with lines which range from the ridiculous to the repulsive. All the while his body gyrates in an absurd display of the bows, poses and gestures of "show biz," past and present. Stanshall could easily play both the dry-witted comedian at a Soho strip joint and the sleazy transvestite stripper following him on the same bill.

In its Fillmore West appearance the band included in its set a dazzling satire of the Elvis era, fall-to-your-knees-with-the-mike-in-your-hand-gasping-for-the-climax variety. Pumping his arm with a large toy hypodermic needle, Stanshall sang himself into an uncontrollable romantic frenzy. At the peak of his "personal" involvement with the lyrics Stanshall-as-Elvis suddenly choked and fell to his knees, "unable" to utter another line. At that moment lead guitarist Neil Innes rushed over to him and yelled, "Do you really mean it?"

"(Gasp) . . . Yes, I really mean it!!!" "He really means it!!!" the band shouted, as the audience (remembering its role from the Fifties, and caught up in the colossal spoof) broke into ecstatic screams.

Of course, not all of this outrageous panorama can be captured by a record album. But *Urban Spaceman*, Bonzo Dog's latest offering, comes awfully close. Included in it are songs like "Eleven Moustachioed Daughters," lyrics can groove on a bunch of very raucous like "Kama kama kama Sutra with me (Yay Yay)," a picture of a mother goril-

la breast-feeding her baby, and an illustrated booklet in which Bonzo Dog "Art" is explained, in some detail.

One of their best satirical cuts is the scandalous "Can Blue Men Sing The Whites?" With one absolutely perfect riff, sort of Neil Innes imitating Peter Green imitating Elmore James, they sum up, threaten, and destroy the entire British Blues-O-Rama. "We just got tired of hearing it, that's all." Both Ralph Gleason and Nick Gravenites would dig it. In performance, while Stanshall grunts out the lyrics ("Ain't gonna have a shave man, I gotta sing the blues") Roger Ruskin Spear emerges from the wings, dressed in baggy blue jeans and baggy shirt, with a blue sock pulled over his head down to his throat—"I am Duh Bluse." Bonzo Dog's "token Negro" shuffles about, wheezing, with a big cut-out circle of rubber held to where his mouth would be, as a foil for a Twenties conception of "Negroid" Thick Lips. As the minstrel does a little dance, the band moves from the terrific opening riff to an awful, sludgy beat, accompanied by terrible blues harp:

Can blue men [grunt] sing the whites?

Or are they hypocrites for singing: whooo-ooo-oooh . . .

Another wonderfully irreverent cut is "Trouser Press," a reprise of all the garish dance-songs of the early Sixties. It begins with a fag intro—"Come on everybody, clap your hands. Are you havin' a good time? I sure am, so do the trouser press, baby" — continuing the draggy beat for a few minutes, getting that image of Joey Dee and the Peppermint Lounge right out in front. In performance and on record they use an amplified trouser press, which catches fire during the last chorus, as a rhythm section.

The essence of true satire is to be found in the puncturing of overblown reputation. Satirists since the beginning of time have sharpened their wits into rapiers and used them to poke holes in prominent social balloons. Done poorly, the approach can be the most tedious of all art forms. Done well, as in the case of Bonzo Dog, it is a source of rare insight and cosmic laughter.

The special talent of the group is its ability to penetrate the gobs of superficiality and find the ridiculous inner core of whatever it is they tackle. Whether it be maudlin night club acts, the films of Walt Disney, psychedelic rock, or the Englishman on vacation, Bonzo Dog is always able to capture the embarrassing essence.

A classic example of their success here is their demolition of "The Sound of Music" from the *Gorilla* album. In 15 seconds of moaning, sighing, and screeching they not only pinpoint the stupidity of the song, but also lay bare the nauseating sentimentality of everything Rogers and Hammerstein ever wrote.

To make this sort of thing work it is necessary for the band to master totally each style they attack. Bonzo Dog must know a given music even better than those who play it seriously. This usually happens. While not musical virtuosos comparable to the Mothers, Bonzo Dog is now an excellent band. The songs on both of their albums are entirely enjoyable in themselves, as well as containers of hilarious satire. In the near future they plan to write and produce an opera. We can hope that, unlike the Who's *Tommy*, this will be an honest-to-goodness opera in the old style, with real scenes, sets, and singing parts taken by all members of the band. They are certainly capable of bringing it off.

The comparison of *Urban Spaceman* to the recent work of the Mothers is inevitable. The groups use many of the same techniques and challenge many of the same foes. A crucial difference between them, however, is the direction of their critiques of modern society. For



Neil Innes



"Legs" Larry Smith

Vivian Stanshall

Frank Zappa there are festering evils in the world which must be exposed at all costs. For the Bonzo Dog Band our problems are mainly those of stupidity masked by pretentious facades. Nothing is sacred to them, but neither is anything particularly evil. Their music does not dwell on Vietnam, cops, violence, or any of the horrors of civilization which fill Zappa's albums. Waiting in the wings at the Fillmore West, Vivian Stanshall remarked that he finds Zappa's music too harsh and bitter for his taste. "We try to be a bit more tender in what we do."

An interesting theme which recurs in the Bonzo Dog repertoire is that of the cyborg. In the language of science a cyborg is a being which is part human and part machine. (If you wear glasses, you are already technically a cyborg.)

This peculiar fascination began with the band's investigations of "Playboy man" and his futile attempts to enhance his inadequate physique. In the song "Look Out, There's a Monster Coming" from *Gorilla*, they describe a chap who finds himself unattractive and sexually impotent. His frantic remedy is to buy all the consumer goods and scientific gadgetry capable of making him a "real man"—built-up shoes, stylish clothing, plastic surgery, transplanted body parts and energy cells. The effort fails miserably. Instead of attracting a mate, he discovers that he's bought a maintenance problem that won't quit. "Please be gentle with me/I come apart quite literally/Look out, there's a monster coming" Behold the race of Hugh Hefner machines!

Urban Spaceman carries this notion even further. The title song and "Hu-

manoid Boogie" examine the world in which man is rapidly transforming his own nature with drugs, media, machines, and transplants. "I'm the urban spaceman, baby / I've got speed / I've got everything I need." "Motorbike heartbeats flutter to the stutter of a Humanoid heart-throb sobbin' out a ticker-tape tune / Bleep Bleep Keep Rockin' Daddy, Do the Stroll / Cos' the Humanoid Boogie's fulla humanoid rock 'n' roll."

All of this is a product of Stanshall and Innes' fascination with the surreal. While they're obviously concerned with the course which poor *homo sapiens* is taking, they are content to point out that the most incredible prophecies of the Dada and Surrealist movements are coming true. Man is becoming a piece of Dadaesque sculpture—part human and part machine. Eventually the fleshy parts of the cyborg will vanish alto-

gether. As Los Angeles scientist Richard Landers put it in his book *Man's Place in the Dybosphere*: "While man may only be around for one million years more, machines may be around for two million years."

The audience that showed up at the Fillmore that night was not a bunch of hard-core Bonzo Dog fans—they'd come to see Joe Cocker and the Byrds. But they become involved, played their part in every skit, and after the standing ovation and the encore everyone chanted and screamed: "Bring them back, Bill, bring them back." "When will you be coming again?" we asked Vivian Stanshall. "When we're asked," he said. It didn't seem as if they were booked solid for the next two years. If they get the right breaks, the Bonzo Dog may end up more popular than Judas.



Crosby, Stills, & Nash (Atlantic SD-8229)

*If you smile at me I will understand
'Cause that is something everybody
Everywhere does in the same language.*

This is an eminently playable record.

The combination of talents creates a great sound — and it is a new sound, not merely music derived from the styles of previous groups. The vocals are warm and full, with a kind of built-in kineticism produced by three good voices emerging asynchronously on the same phrase, with rich, complementary harmonies reminiscent of Moby Grape's "8.05." Tasteful backing accompanies the superb compositions, some of them full-blown rock tracks, other cuts with simple acoustic guitar. It's a happy sound—one feels the album was a labor of love to record. Confidence seems to pervade the trio and their music. They do what they please — singing a short blues phrase between cuts, performing their multi-melodies with a grand sense of their own uniqueness, throwing in clever bits, engaging in a musical conversation, combining songs. This new free-form is not to be found within the scope of their former associations, and it works well. They are in complete control of all they do, and the result is an especially satisfying work.

One may remember the voice of Graham Nash as harmony on the Hollies' "Bus Stop" and lead on "On a Carousel." His high tenor thresholds squeakiness at times, but most of his harmony parts are subdued and right. He wrote and solos on several songs: a couple of rockers, including the Top-30 bound "Marrakesh Express," and a soft ballad, "Lady of the Island," reminiscent of Pete Townshend's "Sunrise." On this cut, Nash's voice reaches its lower ranges and resembles that of Paul Simon. Besides his brand of harmony, Nash brings from the Hollies the catalyst for one of the best doo-doo-doo-doot choruses yet — the final segment of Still's "Suite: Judy Blue Eyes" — which is quite similar to the introduction to the definitive Hollies song, "I'm Alive."

"Guinnevere," by David Crosby, completes a haunting mood-trilogy which was two-thirds by the Byrds' "Everybody's Been Burned" and Grace Slick's "Triad." On "Long Time Gone," Crosby reveals a great, thick bluesy voice which seems to round out the group and the album. In a fantastic arrangement, his voice is juxtaposed against neatly woven high harmonies in a framework of churning organ and crisp guitar. The lyrics are timely without being ostentatiously meaningful — and the whole performance turns out to be truly moving.

Steve Stills, who once told no tales about hot dusty roads, now appears in hiking boots. He evokes a soulful, country feeling in all he does. He pulls a Steve Winwood by tripling on organ, bass, and lead guitar — a crackling guitar, but muted, bouncing lyrically back and forth throughout the album. His singing is so lovely that the word "language," which is impossible to pronounce prettily, becomes a beautiful thing. His songs are life from where he stands — probably traipsing down a road or leaning on a fence somewhere.

What is important here is the music. For once, the sheet music deserves inclusion, along with the lyrics.

With no write-up detailing the illustrious careers of Crosby, Stills, and Nash, the album jacket pictures them relaxed and content, saying all that really matters: "We've done our part. Now listen."

BARRY FRANKLIN



Johnny Cash at San Quentin, Johnny Cash (Columbia CS 9827)

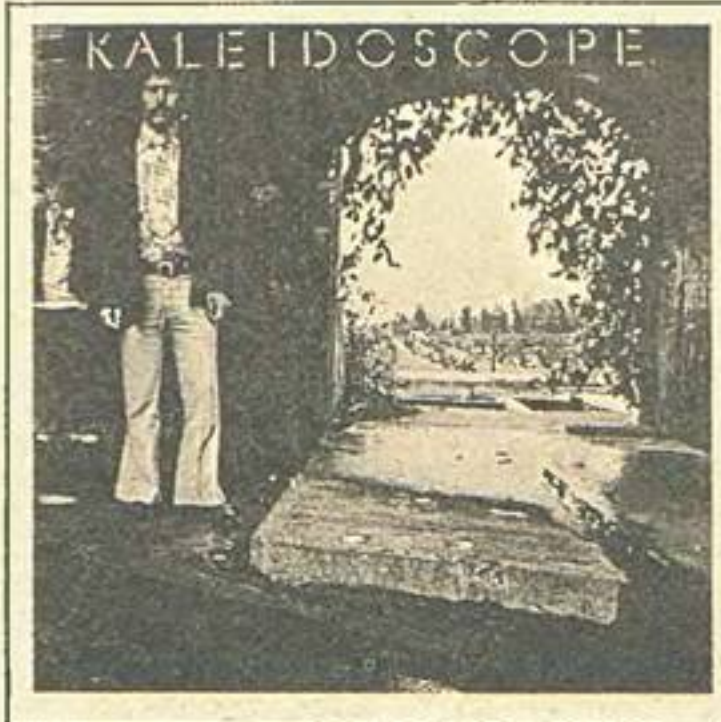
Johnny Cash remembers the forgotten men. They love him. Singing inside a prison to men whose spirits are being destroyed by our mindless penal system is Johnny Cash's kind of revolution. Music becomes spirituality in the context of the prison. Music is inherently destructive of everything penology stands for. Music affirms. Music liberates.

Cash sounds very tired on this record ("ol' Johnny does best under pressure," he says), his voice on some songs just straying off pitch. But the feeling that actual human communication is taking place more than compensates for this. Communicating to an audience at the time is becoming a lost art because of the ascension of recorded music as the music of this culture. Even the so-called "revolutionary" modern bands, in the context of the new technology of the recording studio, are limited in terms of the kind of feeling they can concoct. The bulk of today's musicians deal in a matrix of values which tends to disregard the interpersonal trip between the artist and the live audience. No one wants to cop out to his own humanity. Mistakes are not permitted to remain on the modern recording except, say, as an intro, representing something clever that happened in the studio.

"San Quentin, What Do You Think You Do?" Cash and Bob Johnston, leaving several minutes of non-musical time-space on this album, show the listener that the human realities were of prime importance to the performer and the producer. Contract the intensity of emotion evident in the laughter of the inmates, the enthusiasm of the applause, and the swell of boos that you'll hear when a guard brings Cash a glass of water after he's sung his new "San Quentin (You've Been a Living Hell to Me)," contrast that to the insipid bullshit laughter and applause on, say, a situation comedy on TV, and you begin to grasp the importance of both Cash's approach and the actual facts of how he is spending his life and who he is choosing as his audience. Consider the values most of us have developed, and consider the manifestations of those values. It's great to trip out on sounds and colors—but the values that accrue to a guy who sits around the pad all day getting wasted, and the values of a guy who spends his time playing for prisoners, enjoying it, and getting it across to us as well as something else again.

The usual objections about live recordings seem more or less irrelevant because the sounds that are presented on this record are much more than music. A new Dylan tune, "Wanted Man," starts the show. Cash's rapport is instant, and he might well act out the lead as well as sing it: "Wanted man by Lucy Watson, wanted man by Jeannie Brown, wanted man by Nellie Johnson, wanted man in this next town . . ." Dig Cash's own yarn about Southern justice and his night in the Starkville, Mississippi, jail for picking flowers. "I Walk the Line" comes off as hard, tough, Johnny Cash funk, and there's a Shel Silverstein talking blues, "A Boy Named Sue"—really a crack-up. The content is oh-so-Oedipal and hokey, the Cash treatment beautiful. And Cash sings "San Quentin" twice in a row. The incredible difference between the two "takes" totally justifies the double-shot. "I kinda like it myself, now," Johnny declares. "Peace in the Valley," the old spiritual, closes it out, only to be followed by a brief, pounding taste of "Folsom Prison Blues." The concert is over, and those humans are still locked up on the other side of the Bay. The memory of Cash rapping with his hair-trigger audience stays with me. Where must Cash be at to relate so well to those we have put into our dungeons?

PHIL MARSH



Kaleidoscope the Kaleidoscope (Epic BN 26467)

It is rare that the title of a group's third album is exactly the same as the name of the group itself. In this case, it is entirely appropriate. The Los Angeles band is so fine a collection of musicians and so tight an ensemble that it needs no gimmicky title — "Mystic Navel" or "Man Is the Husband to the Wife" — to call attention to its music.

When I first heard the Kaleidoscope they were on the same bill as the Youngbloods and Steve Miller. By pure musicianship and imagination they made the other two groups look sick. With songs ranging from Buster Brown's "Fannie Mae" to hard driving Middle Eastern numbers, they caught the audience by surprise. Who are these guys? Why are they *third* on the bill? This album catches the "Where have you been all my life" spirit.

The record begins with "Lie to Me," a cut which demonstrates the band's complete mastery of mainstream rock. It also shows an awareness of the fact that most current groups simply ignore most of the rhythmic possibilities inherent in the rock form. The bass, drums, lead guitar and sitar-like banjo get together on a hard driving 2-4 beat, but develop in the background an intricate rhythm somewhere between Greek and Indian conceptions.

"Tempe, Arizona" is actually Howlin' Wolf's "Killing Floor." I don't know why Solomon Feldthouse decided to change the original lyrics, because his revisions bleed the song of its beautifully grotesque punch line — "Well I wouldn't be here now, baby, down on that killing floor." At any rate, the group does a good job musically. "Killing Floor" has now been recorded by many rock and blues performers including the Electric Flag and Albert King (as well as Howlin' Wolf's own version). Along with the diverse treatments of Donovan's "Season of the Witch," this song is one of the reference points which can be used to talk about the recent evolution of the rock idiom.

The highlight of the album is a long piece, "Seven-Ate Sweet," which is a composition in (naturally) 7/8 time. This is down home music, if your home happens to be Athens. In a single listening it will show you why Greek Americans regularly flock to restaurants with names like "The Taverna" and "Zorba's" to join hands in incredibly intricate dances and to watch drunken waiters whirl about with tables held in their teeth. The music is marvelously earthy, exciting and alive.

Templeton Parcelly starts the tune out gradually with a violin solo which successfully bridges the gap between American blues and Middle Eastern song forms. He is followed in very interesting solos by David Lindley (lead guitar), Solomon Feldthouse (voice, oud, clarinet and so forth) and Stuart Brotman (bass). As the music moves from a subdued Turkish theme into a rip snorting *kalamatianos*—the Greek national dance — one realizes how much fun those Greeks have with their lousy 7/8 time.

The only disappointing cuts on the album are the three country things. "Let the Good Love Flow" is pleasant but hammed up. "Petite Fleur" seems to be a deliberate put-on (somebody yelling "Going up the country! Heh, Heh.") and "Cuckoo" seems to lack much of the beauty of the traditional melody. All of them fail to live up to the country-western songs on their *Beacon From Mars* album. Are the rock experiments with the C & W mode at a dead end already? Hmmmm....

This is a good record by a truly excellent group.

LANGDON WINNER



Little Richard's Greatest Hits, Little Richard (Okeh 14121)

A drum roll, a pause, and then the eight or nine piece band breaks into a funky R&B progression. "Good evenin' Ladies and Gen'lmen," yells a gravel-voiced black MC. "Welcome to the Okeh Club. We're featuring here tonight—the king of rock and roll—and when I said the King—I mean His Majesty—Little Richard!" The audience erupts into a genuine cheer and before they have a chance to quiet down, the guitars, then the drums and horns, and finally the hard, almost crude boogie-woogie piano hit the familiar riff and Little Richard wails: "Lucille!" The song ends amid much cheering and applause and the band goes back into it. "Ooh mah soul," says Little Richard and then: "She can't help it, the girl can't help it." More noise from the crowd, this time louder. Little Richard starts to howl: "OW! OW! OW! OW! Aw, sock it to me—Ooh mah soul — Wopbopalooobopalobopobop — *tutti frutti!*" This makes the audience come apart at the seams and it's only the third song of the set.

This is one of the few really exciting live rock and roll recordings on the market today. The liner notes, written by an enthusiastic member of the audience (a disc jockey) state that the performance was taped at the "Club Okeh in Hollywood." Checking on this, I found that there is no Club Okeh in LA, and that the solutions to this problem are: 1) The Club Okeh has since gone out of business, or more likely, 2) The session was held in a recording studio. It doesn't matter; the record *sounds* like it's in a nightclub (the not over-rehearsed band loses Richard a couple of times) and it obviously makes no difference to the audience or to Little Richard.

This album exhibits all the factors of a typical Little Richard performance: a simplistic but effective back-up band; enthusiastic audience participation; Richard's frenzied singing, shouting, piano-pounding, and delightful ego-rapping: "I want you to know that I am the best lookin' man in show business . . . Let's have a good time because mah music is the healin' music . . . Mah music is the healin' music that make the dumb and the deaf hear and talk, OW! OW! OW!" And the audience just eats it right up.

Perhaps the best thing about this album, which was recorded in February, 1967, is that it doesn't go overboard. Today, if this situation were allowed to get into the hands of a modern-day producer, we might hear the usual gimmicks, such as Stax horn arrangements, blues guitar shrieks, fancy percussion work, maybe even a studio cat on electric piano (!). But producer Larry Williams employs a back-up band that combines the best of the old and the new; it's the same Little Richard style, but updated a little bit, mostly because of the more complicated drumming, and the inclusion of a full-time tambourinist who adds depth to the rhythm section. Little Richard's piano and voice stand out the most, as they should.

Neither are the song lengths exaggerated. The average duration of each number is 2:34, and four cuts are ninety seconds or under—short, exhausting, and to the point. Little Richard's rapping never gets boring. He breaks into a song whenever there's any indication that he might be getting tiresome, although he never does. Richard is introducing "Jenny, Jenny" in a roundabout sort of way, when one of the bandmen interrupts him: "C'mon, Cassius Clay." Richard: ". . . but it's a—oh, oh that's right, best lookin' man left in show business . . . it's me, I am the only thing left." Screaming clapping, cheering. Richard stops it: "Hey, hey, hey, that's enough. I know you dig it!" He laughs, not a conceited laugh, really, but one of an en-

tertainers enjoying his audience and his work.

Beside the songs previously mentioned, the LP includes "Send Me Some Lovin'," "Long Tall Sally," "True Fine Mama," "Goody Golly Miss Molly," "Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On," "Anyway You Want Me," "Get Down With It," and "You Gotta Feel It." The latter two are the longest selections, and unfortunately also the weakest. They're not throw-aways, but one can think of a whole string of others that are more in the Little Richard vein.

There are a few things amiss—a sax is too loud here, a bass too soft there—but for a two and a half year-old recording (and by a small label), the results are most satisfactory. Anyone who digs honest-to-God rock and roll will like this album. All it is is Little Richard. That's enough.

KEN HARRIS



It's A Beautiful Day (Columbia CS 9768)

This album has one of the most beautiful covers I've seen in months. There she stands, next to an old Twenties Columbia logo, this strange wistful chick from another era, posing in a long flowing gown, staring off into the cloudy distance, awestruck, just as I was looking at her.

Unfortunately, though, once just past the front it's all drek. The album epitomizes a major trend in rock today which people are obviously eating up; otherwise there wouldn't be so many muzak records like this one. Not only is this album not rock and roll, it is not even, for all its arch pseudo-profundities, serious music. Mood music can never be serious, and that is exactly what we have here; bland lushness and saccharine sentimentality. David LaFlamme's violin playing sounds closer to the Hundred and One Strings than to John Cale or Doug Sahm or even Stuff Smith. The rest of the group is similarly uninteresting, schooled to the point of waxy lifelessness, their music punctuated by turgid, theatrical outbursts.

The compositions are too precious to live. The lyrics should please fans of Paul Simon and Rod McKuen: "There's a girl in my room in her face on the wall with no eyes/Girl with no eyes, who can she be?/The girl with no eyes, she's looking at me/If I make a sound she'll know that I'm stirring inside/If I make a sound she'll know that I'm trying to hide . . . etc., etc. etc."

The vocal harmonies sound a little bit like the Farinas and a little bit like the Peanut Butter Conspiracy. In other words, kind of ethereal and kind of lame. Of course, I have a problem since I do not hear them but *smell* them, and what they smell like to me is rotted posies pressed between pages of Tennyson.

Notable individual tracks: "Bulgaria": "When you're in a dream/The time passes so slowly." It certainly does. I could hardly stand to sit still through this piece of shit. If these people think this is what Bulgarian music sounds like they should listen to Philippe Koutev's great *Music of Bulgaria* LP on the None-such label (only \$2.50 by mail from Elektra). The bold choral shout of Koutev's music is a far cry from the *Exodus* soundtrack drippings of *It's A Beautiful Day*.

"Wasted Union Blues": Jefferson Airplane/Farina composition and vocal meets United States of America production. Speeds up to 78-plus RPM and then slows down to a groaning halt. Ho-hum. When are these fools going to realize that the avantgarde involves more than tape-recorder gimmicks?

"Time Is": the only halfway authoritative song on the album, a nine-minute driver rendered unlistenable by the corny Eastern riffs (pure Henry Mancini) and those trite, cloying, super-McKuen words

("Hours fly/But even flowers must die.") Shows, though, that this group might be able to come up with some thing really worthwhile if they weren't so hung up on schmaltz.

In conclusion: I hate this album. I hate it not only because I wasted my money on it, but for what it represents: an utterly phony, arty approach to music that we will not soon escape.

LESTER BANGS



Trout Mask Replica, Captain Beefheart and His Magic Band (Straight STS 1053)

Captain Beefheart, the only true dadaist in rock, has been victimized repeatedly by public incomprehension and critical authoritarianism. The tendency has been to chide C. B. and his Band as a potentially acceptable blues band who were misled onto the paths of greedy trendy commercialism. What the critics failed to see was that this was a band with a vision, that their music, difficult raucous and rough as it is, proceeded from a unique and original consciousness.

This became dramatically apparent with their last album. Since their music derived as much from the new free jazz and African chant rhythms as from Delta blues, the songs tended to be rattly and wayward, clattering along on weirdly jabbering high-pitched guitars and sprung rhythms. But the total conception and its execution was more in the nature of a tribal Pharaoh Sanders Archie Shepp fire-exorcism than the ranting noise of the Blue Cheer strain of groups.

Thus it's very gratifying to say that Captain Beefheart's new album is a total success, a brilliant, stunning enlargement and clarification of his art. Which is not to say that it's in any sense slick, "artistic," or easy. This is one of the few bands whose sound has actually gotten *rawer* as they've matured—a brilliant and refreshing strategy. Again the rhythms and melodic textures jump all over the place (in the same way that Cecil Taylor's do), Beefheart singing like a lonesome werewolf screaming and growling in the night. The songs clatter about—given a superficial listening, they seem boring and repetitious. It's perhaps the addition of saxophones (all played by the five men in the band) that first suggests what's really happening here and always has been happening in this group's music.

On "Hair Pie: Bake One," for instance, the who group gets into a raucous wrangling horn dialog that reveals a strong Albert Ayler influence. The music truly meshes, flows, and excites in a way that almost none of the self-conscious, carefully crafted jazz-rock bullshit of the past year has done. And the reason for this is that while many other groups have picked up on the trappings of the new jazz, Cap and the Magic Band are into its essence, the white-hot stream of un-"cultured" energy, getting there with a minimum of strain to boot. This is the key to their whole instrumental approach, from the drummer's whirling poly- and even a-rhythmic patterns (compare them to Sonny Murray's on Ayler's *Spiritual Unity* or Ed Blackwell's on Don Cherry's *Symphony for Improvisers*), to the explosive, diffuse guitar lines, which (like Lou Reed's for the Velvet Underground or Gary Peacock's bass playing on *Spiritual Unity*) stretch, tear, and distend the electric guitar's usual vocabulary with the aim of extending that vocabulary past its present strictly patterned limitations—limitations that are as tyrannically stultifying for the rock musician today as Charlie Parker's influence was for the jazzmen of the late Fifties.

I mustn't forget the lyrics. You certainly won't; the album on a purely verbal level is an explosion of maniacal free-association incantations, eschewing (with the authentic taste that assassi-

rates standards of Taste) solemn "poetic" pretensions and mundane, obvious monosyllabic mindlessness. Where, for instance, have you heard lyrics like these: "Tits tits the blimp the blimp/The mother ship the mother ship/The brothers hid under the hood/From the blimp the blimp . . . all the people stir/'n' the girls' knees tremble/'n' run 'n' wave their hands/'n' run their hands over the blimp the blimp . . ."

The double record set costs as much as two regular albums, but unlike most of these superlong superexpensive items it's really sustained, and worth the money, which is perhaps not so much to pay for 27 songs and what may well be the most unusual and challenging musical experience you'll have this year.

LESTER BANGS



Stand!, Sly and the Family Stone (Epic BN 26456)

Like Frank Zappa's Mothers, Sly Stone's group is unique. And, in fact, a comparison of the two groups is not as far fetched as it first might seem. Both exude a superficial formlessness in their sounds. Both demand, on one level at least, to be taken seriously. But while the Mothers have taken pop music to previously unimaginable levels of complexity, Sly and the Family Stone Stone has gone in the other direction—to basics.

At first, *Stand!* seemed like soul music distorted, or soul music lacking its usual polish, but a couple of listenings showed this to be a superficial impression. John Mayall once called soul music "all showmanship," which, while typically purist of him, is largely true. While the Stone Family puts on a show, it isn't showmanship.

First of all, there is no attempt at sophistication. While all the Family Stones are competent musicians, their overall sound comes across more like a noisy clamoring street gang who just happen to have some musical instruments in their possession, than a polished blend of musicians. And, vocally, they're much closer to the mid-Fifties black groups than present-day soul, even the Memphis variety.

But, if they're a noisy young street gang, they're gang with a very evident sense of moral purpose (like the Mothers). Almost all their songs on *Stand!*, which includes their hit single, "Everyday People," are openly idealistic, telling of things as they *should* be, dealing with vast social problems in abstract terms, which is not usually within the scope of soul music. *Stand!* is not, however, simply a polemic. It's also extremely vital body music. It really can't be listened to a low volume and communicate. *Stand!* depends on sheer energy more than anything else.

The most powerful instrument in the sound is usually the bass, which is incessant and repetitive. And, in fact, the most bothersome thing about this album, at first, was its insistent, almost defiant, repetition. But, it was bothersome simply because I sat there trying to figure it out; once I stood up (like the title says) it was fine. It's not a contemplative piece.

There's one long instrumental cut included, called "Sex Machine," that's really different. Except for the number of instruments used, it's pretty close to Jimi Hendrix's stuff. They use a single heavy bass line and pile up a lot of slurry, buzzy, electronic sounds including the strange sound of Sly scatting into a microphone that its hooked up to a wah-wah pedal, and for a unit that isn't primarily an instrumental group, they come out with one of the most listenable hard rock instrumentals I've heard in quite a while.

One of the other cuts that really stood out is pointedly titled, "Don't Call Me Nigger, Whitey." It's just that phrase and the converse, "Don't call me whitey, nigger," repeated endlessly in voices that sound like a black David Seville and the

Chipmunks. It's done in a taunting, almost snotty tone of voice and irritated the hell out of me until I realized that it was intended to do just that. It works. You get the message.

And, that, perhaps, sums up *Stand!* It's effective. You can criticize each or any particular point regarding the music or the content of the message, but in toto, it works. *Stand!* is not an album for someone who demands perfection or sophistication, although it's by no means crude—just basic. It's for anyone who can groove on a bunch of very raucous kids charging through a record, telling you exactly what they think whether you want to hear it that way or not. If you don't mind being pushed a little, then *Stand!* will move you.

ALEC DUBRO



Brave New World, the Steve Miller Band (Capitol SKAO-184)

If you were hoping for some new music from the new Steve Miller Band—organist Jim Peterman and guitarist Boz Scaggs have left, and Miller, bassist Lonnie Turner and drummer Tim Davis are carrying on as a trio—you'll probably be a little bit disappointed with this album. Which is not to say that the music isn't good, but only that, in spite of the personnel changes, it is basically more of the same.

The only noticeable difference is that Miller has forsaken almost entirely the soft melodic material that turned up in several places on the first two albums in favor of the big beat. Virtually the whole album is uptempo and very loud. The addition of two sidemen (co-producer Glyn Johns and Ben Sidran) gives the band the same instrumentation it has had in the past.

On stage, the Miller band is developing into a power trio a la Jimi Hendrix and the late Cream. The big beat of *Brave New World* reflects this, but the instrumentation tends to reject it. This is most noticeable on cuts like "Celebration Song," on which everyone seems to get in the way of everyone else. I'm tempted to describe this as a transition album, but it clearly isn't as the band hasn't decided whether it wants to be the power trio or the quintet of *Children of the Future* and *Sailor*.

The best cuts on the album are "Kow Kow," the title cut, and "Space Cowboy."

"Kow Kow" is near flawless. It opens with just a guitar, then the rest of the band comes in one by one and the song builds for about two minutes to a crescendo. That is suddenly cut off by a piano soliloquy with the organ whining in the background as the song fades out. Over the music, Miller sings a story about a smooth operator who had a pet alligator which he kept in a chrome elevator. Beautiful!

In their own bizarre way, "Space Cowboy" and "Brave New World" complement each other nicely. Both speak of a rebirth. Both provide a vehicle for the Miller band to show off its mastery of electronics (and they use them as well as anyone in rock, the Beatles and Hendrix not excepted), and both play Miller's guitar off against a steady rhythm section. "Space Cowboy" is especially nice: Davis pounding out a strong beat, Turner laying down a rugged fuzz bass line, and Miller bending off notes like he was born with a guitar in his hands. One of the high points of the album is the drumming of Davis, especially on his own "Can't You Hear Your Daddy's Heartbeat," a hard-driving ode to lust.

The main problem here comes in trying to reconcile the big beat of the trio with the quintet of yesteryear, which this album seeks to maintain through the use of sidemen. When this problem is solved, look for great things from the Steve Miller Band. In the meantime, though, *Brave New World* will do just fine.

JOHN MORTLAND

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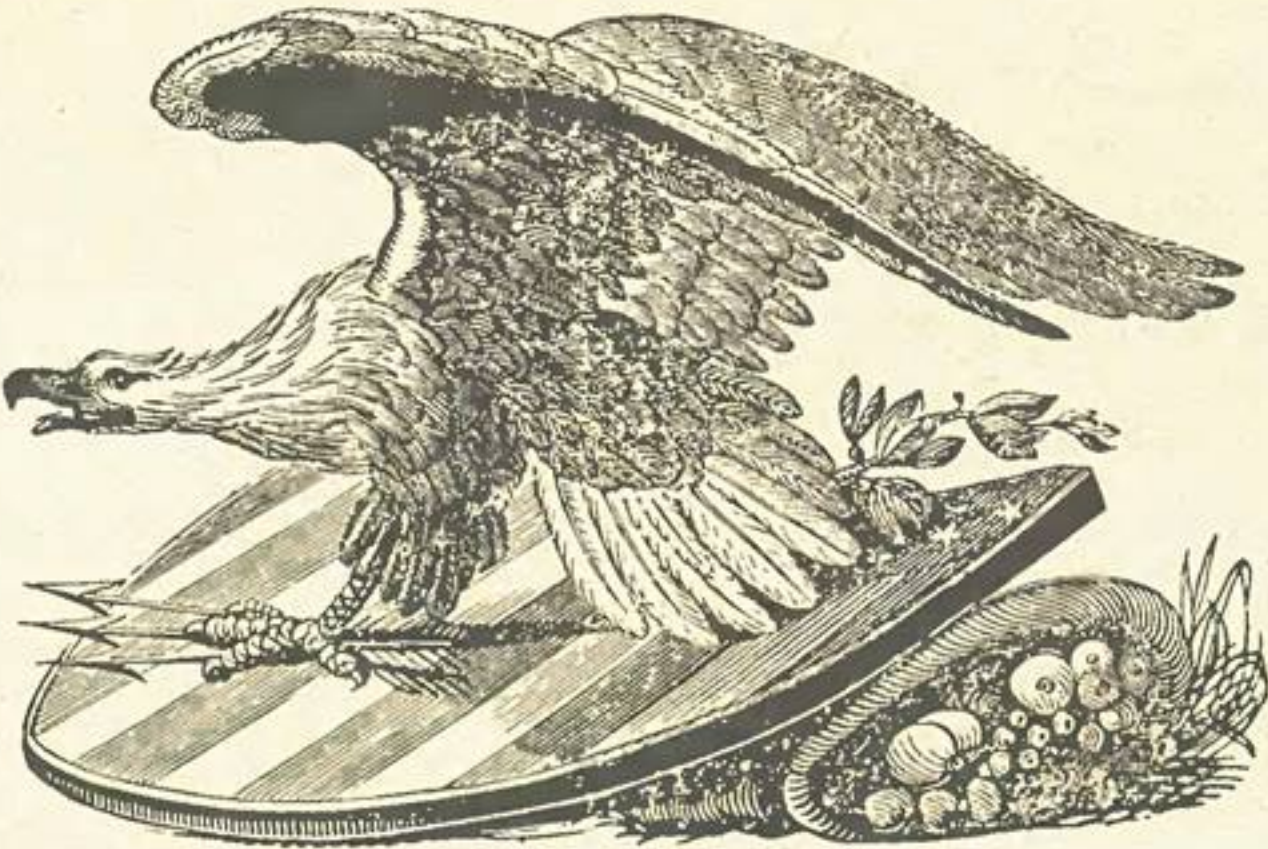
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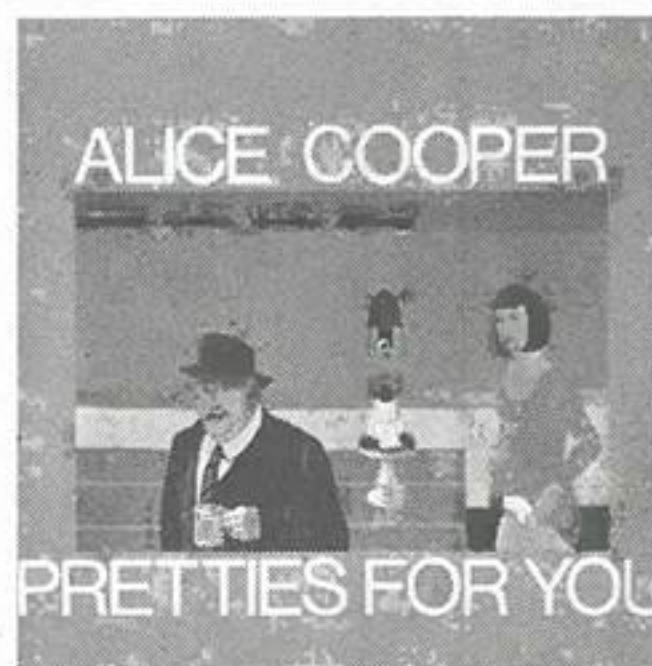
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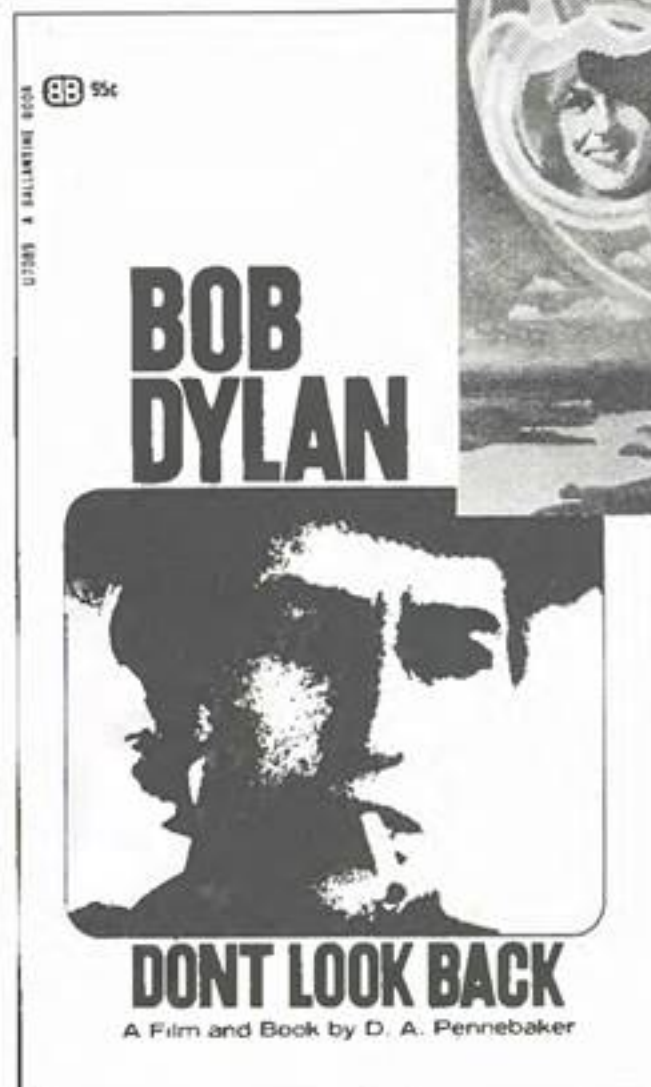
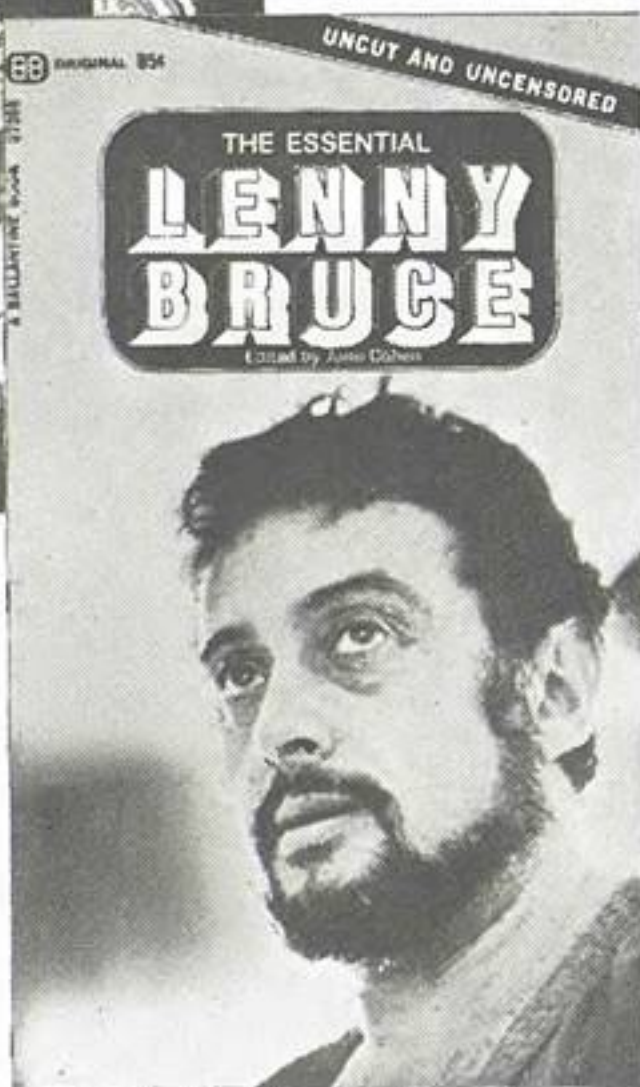


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